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PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

UNPUBLISHED LECTURES ON PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

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No. IV.

Reviewing—Its Nature and Uses.

I endeavoured, in my last Lecture, to trace, by a few general remarks, the popular passion for information respecting public events to its original source, and to show how both newspapers and magazines derive their principal interest from the universal propensities and sympathies of human nature. I next made a few observations on the past and present state of the public press, and then proceeded to inquire, into the distinguishing qualities of our present magazine literature. My opinions on this point I endeavoured to exemplify, by an examination of the principal publications of the kind that are known in England, and I concluded by some remarks on the style of writing most popular in them. It is my present purpose to inquire into the origin of Reviews, and the principles on which their utility is founded; and I shall endeavour to make such observations on the subject as may seem most practically useful, and most easily applicable to the ordinary circumstances of the general reader.

The theories which have been formed respecting the principles of taste, of our admiration for certain forms and expressions, and our dislike of others, have been as numerous as those which have sprung from political or moral investigation. There is, however, a law written so plainly on the human heart, so strongly manifested in the development of all our faculties, and which leads men to such a universal assent on several great and leading points in this inquiry, that a canon of general principles is allowed to exist wherever literature is known, and according to which every species of composition is to be judged. In the earlier ages of learning, men of philosophical minds were employed in closely examining these principles, in searching for their existence in the works which obtained greatest admiration, and tracing that life of truth and most perfect soul of beauty, whose visible effects they contemplated, to their secret places. Aristotle, however, and the other great critics of antiquity obtained but the lower purpose of their search. They learnt to separate, with a most skilful anatomy, the different parts of the work they took in hand, were able to demonstrate the splendid grace of its proportions, and give lessons on the art of modelling after the measurements they had made; but they were altogether in the dark respecting the deeper philosophy of criticism: they could only see the material forms which their science grasped; they could discern nothing of the spirit which brought and held them together; they imagined it was the building up of great and precious stones, which gave glory to the temple, and forgot the Shechinah, which made it holy. It is hence that we see and hear so much of unities, and plots, and tropes, and figures, in these ancient critics and their followers; that we find them speaking with dogmatical precision on points with which the rules of their art have no concern, and that we possess so many instances of their best and soundest principles producing, in practice, none of the effects which they supposed properly belonged to them. The science

of criticism was, therefore, in ancient times, of a much lower character than in ours. It had the same aim, but it had no distinct perception of the object it struggled for: it attempted to make men understand the causes of poetic beauty, but it had no faculty of detecting its essence: it imagined itself capable of reviving taste and invigorating genius, when its highest power could only attain to the detection of their violations; and it pretended to find an everlasting law of natural dictation upon the mind, when the mind, neither in its higher faculties nor its most sublime tendencies, was comprehended by their philosophy. While, however, we thus deny to the critics of antiquity the honour of having advanced beyond the mechanism of their art, we would give them the praise due to their labours from every lover of literature. Although not adapted to do much service in times characterised by deep feeling or the power of a lofty intellectuality, they were of considerable use in the periods when they flourished. They began their labours and were most in vogue, when the higher species of composition were on the decline, and when, had it not been for the rules of just criticism, they would have degenerated at once into wild extravagance and bombast. Aristotle and his followers had the merit of confining authors within the limits of truth and propriety, and produced the farther good effect of preserving public taste from being entirely vitiated by the pretenders to novelty or unnatural brilliancy. The father of criticism, in ages of weak and undecided literary taste, is of more authority than the father of poetry. Men, in such times, can more easily comprehend what is true to the understanding, than what is most splendid in invention. Their reason is more clear than their taste is correct; and Homer will be venerated more because of Aristotle, than Aristotle because of Homer. The critics, however, of ancient times were principally employed in inventing rules and in establishing the principles of their science. Their examination of epics and tragedies was undertaken, not to decide upon their respective merits, but to evolve new rules or furnish additional illustrations of already-received theories. They engaged themselves in forming the laboratories and nomenclatures, of which future critics were to avail themselves, when their science should escape the thralldom of schools and academies. It was not, accordingly, till modern times that criticism began to be employed in the general and popular manner in which it has now been for one or two centuries past; and there is no reason for supposing that the notion was ever conceived of so employing it till a comparatively very late period.

An attempt has been once or twice made to trace the idea of reviewing, as it is now practised, to Photius; but, I believe, it is generally allowed, that the whole undivided honour of the invention belongs to M. Denis de Sallo, Conseiller au Parlement de Paris. This celebrated French literate lived in the reign of Louis the Great, and was distinguished both for his talents and his great acquirements in all departments of learning. It was his constant practice, it is said, in reading, to make very considerable extracts from the works which engaged his attention; and, from the utility and benefit which he found belonging to this practice, he conceived the notion that it would be productive of the greatest good, both to literature in general and

to men of learning, unpossessed of large resources, if the plan he pursued in his private reading could be made available in the diffusion of knowledge, in increasing the circulation of works of merit, and affording some guide to the uninitiated in their choice of publications for study or amusement. Strongly impressed with the idea that such a project, carried into execution, would actually produce the effects he had supposed, M. de Sallo planned a Journal which should contain reviews of all the principal works of the day. These reviews were to consist of critical remarks and copious extracts from the publications noticed; and it hence appears that the first public Journal of the kind answered very closely in its plan to those of a similar description at present known among us. The publication of M. de Sallo was entitled the 'Journal des Sçavans,' and the first number appeared on Monday, the 5th of January, 1665. It is also well worthy of observation, and not a little interesting in the present state of periodical literature to know, that the first literary Journal which ever appeared, was neither a monthly nor a quarterly, but a weekly Review; thus enabling the popular class of Periodicals, which are after the same plan, to claim the honour of an antiquity not commonly supposed to be on their side. At first, M. de Sallo depended solely on his own exertions in the composition of his work; but subsequently associated with himself some of the most eminent men of his time. The publication appears to have been one of considerable merit. Indeed, it could hardly have failed to be so. It was started by one of the best scholars of the age, by a man connected with the highest ranks of society, having every opportunity of gaining information of whatever kind he desired, possessing resources of a literary nature open to few others, and undertaking the execution of his design out of pure love for literature, and a hearty desire to promote its interests, and those of its deserving votaries. With all its merit, however, and notwithstanding the rank and influence of its conductor, this excellent journal was unable to stand its ground against the intrigues of some party it had offended by an allusion in one of the articles; and M. de Sallo was obliged to discontinue it by a decree of the Court. It was revived, I believe, under several subsequent editors; but its appearance soon gave rise to an innumerable variety of other literary journals, and its history becomes lost in the multifarious traditions respecting their rise and fall. France was in a short time overrun with periodicals relating to every branch both of literature and science; England with the greatest eagerness followed her example; the learned men of Germany were roused by the novelty of the design, and composed journals in Latin, and relating to the higher departments of learning. Almost every country in Europe, in fact, had in a little time its Review and Journal of contemporary literature. It appears, however, that the most of those which were published at this commencement of the institution, embraced a much wider sphere of observation than the Reviews of our own times, both that of M. de Sallo and its successors undertaking to make their readers acquainted with the labours of the literary men of other countries, as well as of the one in which they appeared. There was a great advantage in this, as it formed a medium of correspondence for the whole republic of letters; but the original reason

of it was, probably, that the reading people of that period were a more confined circle and more interested in the progress of literature in general than is at present the case. The number of books also published in each country was far less than in modern times; and, while it is now one of the greatest difficulties of an editor to make a proper selection of works for review, from the multitudinous heap constantly accumulating, it was at that time necessary to look over the Continent for such as might be worthy of attention or study. To France, however, the credit is due of having given birth to a species of publication, the influence of which on literature has been of the highest importance. But it is not a little surprising that no idea of the kind should have entered any one's mind till the middle of the seventeenth century. There is something so natural in the notion of a literary man writing down his opinions on the works he peruses, either for his future use, or the benefit of those whom he may wish to instruct,—something so likely to engage the attention of any one imbued with an ardent love of letters in the advantages offered by a judicious selection from great and useful works,—that our wonder would be greater than it is, were it not to be remarked, that the only thing which was wanted to convert the old-established usage of learned men into the modern system of reviewing, was the periodical publication of their accumulating treasures, and the restriction of their labours to works of present interest. It is seldom that any useful invention is discovered till the circumstances of the times render it necessary; and it was the case with the establishment of a system of public criticism. There was no want of it before books were multiplied, and the love of literature made general. It was then that a guide through the labyrinths of learning and the ornamented paths of philosophy was first necessary, that the selections made by the hand of experience and good taste became of public use, that the necessity was felt of receiving with caution the varied intellectual food that was offered, and of submitting the hasty and untrained appetite for novelty to the careful and scrutinising skill of the well-read and sober critic.

As the causes which had given birth to the first of these publications increased, they went on multiplying; and a bare enumeration of the principal ones that have appeared in this country, or are now in circulation, will show how large a share we have had in the establishment of the system on which they are founded. The earliest, I believe, of which we have any mention, are 'The History of the Works of the Learned,' which commenced at London in 1699; 'The Censura Temporum,' in 1708, and, about the same time, 'The Memoirs of Literature,' and 'The Bibliotheca Curiosa.' To these succeeded 'The Monthly Review,' begun in 1749; 'The Critical Review,' in 1756; 'The Anti-Jacobin Review,' in 1798; 'The British Critic,' now united with 'The Theological Review,' in the same year; 'The Edinburgh Review,' in 1803; 'The Eclectic Review,' in 1805; 'The Quarterly Review,' in 1809; 'The British Review,' in 1811.

Such are the dates of the principal reviews which have appeared, or are at present known among us. Of their characters and purpose I shall endeavour to give some account, before I leave this part of my undertaking; but my present intention is to make some observations on the nature and proper aim of reviewing itself, to clear up, if possible, a few of the obscurities which popular mistakes on the subject have occasioned, and to point out the advantages which may be produced by a judicious management of the system, or by a union of the qualities which should be found in the works it produces.

With respect, then, to the principles on which the utility of reviewing is founded, there are three purposes which every publication of the kind is supposed to have in view. The first is the performance of the duty which belongs to a public critic, to make known the merits of the

works which appear, and put forth a claim to notice; this is the duty which results from the writer's relation to the authors of the country in which he labours. The second purpose is the furnishing a sufficient idea of the publications of most interest, to enable ordinary readers to understand their merits, to give them a guide in their search for excellencies, and a caution against the mis-statements, or false opinions of unestablished writers. The third purpose in their composition is the affording of such abstracts and selections as may supply the want of works, the expense or extent of which may keep them from the shelves of the studious but not affluent inquirer. Taking these to be the objects of reviewing, according to our modern notions of it, we shall have little difficulty in determining either the advantages which belong to it, when properly conducted, or the reasons on which they are founded. As far as the system regards authors, it is one to which the whole fraternity owes a debt of most lasting gratitude. It is true, many a heart-burning, many a bitter and unforgotten pang has been occasioned in the course of its rigid censorship, but it will be found, on a little consideration, that the unpleasant feelings which have been suffered from its attacks, or even the evils which have resulted from its occasional unmeasured severity or ill-founded condemnations, are too trivial to be mentioned, when brought into comparison with the advantages which authors in general have derived from its employment. It is, in the first place, of no little importance to writers to have their productions made known, let it be through what medium it may; and of the use which reviews especially are of in this respect, there is no better proof than the eagerness with which booksellers as well as authors of every class seek to obtain the notice of any publication of the sort. But if Reviews are of this use to authors in making their works publicly known, they are of still more important service to them, in obtaining for them the attention and patronage to which their respective merits entitle them. It is the same with men of letters as with every other class of persons, whose reputation or support depends upon public encouragement. It is always a benefit to them to have the pretensions of each individual in their society properly estimated. The effect may be perhaps to diminish their number; but it will increase and establish the influence and prosperity of the order itself; and, when the rank of the different associates is understood, the respect which the public entertains for each will be more definite and permanent. It being useful, therefore, in a general point of view, it is easy to discover the beneficial effects of public criticism to each individual author who deserves a station among his contemporaries. His merits, whatever they may be, are set forth long before they could otherwise have obtained notice; he is told of his faults by critics, without the prejudice of friends or the ill-nature of enemies; he is himself permitted to address the public by the best passages of his work, is made master of a reputation of much wider extent than the mere circulation of his production itself would have obtained him, and stands a much better chance of having his sentiments or style fairly understood and estimated, than could possibly have been the case, had his book been left to the vague, doubting, and unprepared judgment of the public. With respect to the second purpose of Reviews, that is, the characterising of the works which come under their notice, so as to guide the choice of readers in the perusal or purchase of them,—it is an important consideration, that the more multifarious the literary productions of an age become, the more danger there is, not only of literature becoming corrupted, but of that portion of it which is most corrupt being made the foundation of national tastes and opinions. Publications, therefore, which, it is to

be supposed, are under the superintendence of men not subject to the influence of vulgar prejudices, nor liable to be deceived by false pretensions, are calculated, by the very principles of their construction, to be useful in the preservation of a pure taste in literature and correct notions on the higher subjects of morality and philosophy. We know how easily an inexperienced reader may be deceived by a glaring title-page, a sounding preface, or reiterated advertisements; how difficult it is for any one in ordinary circumstances to discover the merits of the works which are daily appearing from common report, and how utterly impossible it is for one reader out of ten to determine whether a new work on science or history be worth purchasing, or likely to afford him correctly the information he is desirous to obtain. But a Review, if deserving of the title, is a safe and ready guide, both in matters of taste and science, affords information on points which would escape the attention of the mere general reader, and enables a person mistrustful of his own judgment, and yet desirous of enjoying the literary novelties of the day, to satisfy his wish with ease and safety. It deserves, also, to be mentioned, that, when a Review is conducted by men of integrity and eminence, the opinions which they pass upon a work are an additional testimony to the truths it contains, or are themselves an exemplification of the principles which its pages have failed to illustrate. From these considerations it may be fairly concluded, that the system of reviewing is productive of many and important benefits to that large class of readers who are both desirous and able to possess themselves of the most interesting and useful works that the press sends forth, but who are either unwilling to take the chance of a promiscuous purchase, or who, by doing so, corrupt their taste and fill their minds with a mass of false notions and unsubstantiated facts.

The last object of reviewing is the furnishing such abstracts of works, or such specimens of their contents, as may, in some measure, supply their place to those readers who have either not sufficient wealth to purchase even a small proportion of those which are daily attracting public attention, or who have not leisure to make themselves acquainted with the contents of publications, which, in their original form, are too extended and full of detail for the mere general reader. I need not say how frequently it happens that the really valuable portions of a very voluminous work may be compressed into a compass incomparably smaller than that of the original; or that it often occurs, that what is really new in a volume occupies so comparatively small a number of pages, that they may be extracted with ease into any Periodical of moderate extent. It is according to this principle that so many of the most celebrated scholars, both in our own and ancient times, have accustomed themselves to extract largely from whatever works they read, and according to which the ancient author whom we have already mentioned, made that famous collection of extracts and notes which were said to afford the original notion of a Review. Had there therefore been no other use in this species of periodical publications than that embraced by copious and well-selected extracts, they would have been deserving of extensive public encouragement; for, besides the knowledge they are intended to afford of new works, they are treasuries in which much of what is most valuable in contemporary literature is deposited, and in which the bullion is divided into coin fit for the common and immediate uses of society. It is not often, for example, that the general reader would derive any serious advantage from the perusal of a long and laboured treatise on a subject not immediately under his inquiry; but if there be that connection between every branch of human knowledge which is said to exist, it is of no little consequence to him to possess an opportunity of seeing, in a close and concise ab-

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abstract, the arguments, or new ideas, on which the inventor of a science, or the defender of a system, may seek to establish his proposition. In the same manner, it is comparatively but a few men who take interest enough in the discussion of an abstract political question to pursue it to any extent; but there is not, perhaps, one who is not glad to find the principal points of debate, and the arguments employed upon them, in such a form that he may, with the expense of a little time and trouble, be furnished with grounds for thinking reasonably and clearly on the subject for himself. We might make the same observation on a great many other topics of a similar kind, which are too far removed from the general literary pursuits of ordinary readers, but are yet of sufficient importance to make a knowledge of their main and most striking points desirable. But, independent of the information to be obtained by this system of reviewing, most readers will think its purpose well answered by the ever-varying, ever-replenished source of amusement and novelty which it furnishes. Whether the extracts be of a lighter or more serious nature, whether they are made from a work on philosophy, or the last new novel, they are leaves taken from the great chronicle of the literary world; are impressed with the life and freshness of present feeling and sentiment; are specimens of the intellectual power to which the world is at the time bowing, and are fitted to teach a man in retirement with what success the work of mental improvement, or moral amelioration, is proceeding.

ROMAN EMPIRE.

The Roman Empire under Constantine the Great. By Matthew Bridges. 8vo. pp. 467. J. and C. Rivington. London, 1828.

The circumstances in which the Roman Empire existed under the Emperor Constantine were of the most singular character. The overgrown dominions, which, till lately, were subject to a divided power, had been gradually falling under the sway of this victorious monarch. With the warlike talents of the most renowned of his predecessors, and with a more than ordinary share of public virtue, he lived in a time when they were tempted by every object that could corrupt them, and when they were rendered comparatively useless by the situation of every order in the state. The patriotism which was the true tutelary deity of Rome, the real palladium or *ancilla* of her freedom, was departed; the pride of citizenship had given way to the desire of wealth in the higher classes, and to rapine, sloth, and the grossest vices in the lower; and the Eternal City itself was the weakest point in the tottering empire, and that in which an observing eye might most clearly observe the elements of approaching ruin. Civil discord, corruption of manners, tyranny and luxury, had done their utmost; and, to increase the confusion, paganism, if we may so speak, had itself become tenfold more corrupt, by the deprivation of public sentiment. But, amid all this, there appeared to be a chance of re-establishing the strength of the empire, or, at least, of retarding its dissolution; and the means were, in a great measure, presented to Constantine, by the circumstances which, in another point of view, were destroying his dominions. With the strong good sense, and the talents for governing, which distinguished that Monarch, he had delivered himself from some of the most embarrassing situations in which he could have been placed, and he at length saw himself near the summit of his highest ambition. It was evident, however, to him, that his throne, when unattacked by rival candidates for sovereignty, would be so shaken to its foundation, by other enemies to its security, that, till some change was effected, his Government could produce no good to the people or glory to

himself. He accordingly examined the condition of the empire, both in the east and the west; he found it agitated by tumults which no political sagacity could quiet; he found its subjects connected together by no common tie, and that even the people of the same province, and those who had been united by the bonds of custom and relationship, were at daily war with each other. Not merely state against state, but house against house, and family against family, were waging contest, and the whole social fabric seemed broken up. He could not continue an observation of this kind without being driven to acknowledge the influence which the despised and obscure religion of Christianity had been gradually acquiring, and he was consequently induced, we may suppose, to subdue his heathen prejudices, either by his ambition, or by the honest means of inquiring into the causes of the changes that had taken place. The result was such as might be expected, and the reign of Constantine presented the curious spectacle of Paganism descending, and Christianity mounting, the throne of the world. The consequences which followed, and the state of society at the time, form a subject of deep and lively interest. The other changes also which took place, on the removal of the seat of Government from Rome to the newly-founded Constantinople, are equally worthy of observation in political respects. The author of the work before us has described the two cities with great ability. We extract his account:

'As the commencement of the project, a strong double rampart was to be carried from the western end of the haven, to the opposite shore of the Propontis, about fifteen furlongs from the former walls of Byzantium. The ground embraced within this circumference, was distinguished by five undulations, which were soon covered with buildings; and, before the middle of the fifth century, two adjacent hills were included; so that at least eleven or twelve miles may be computed for the circuit of Constantinople. The outer barrier on the Thracian side had six entrances, of which the Golden Gate was the most celebrated; and sixteen others might be numbered by innumerable traders from the Mediterranean, as they conveyed the abundance of Egypt, or the wealth of Syria, into the new emporium of the East. The western walls were defended with impassable ditches, were crowned with five hundred towers, and were supplied with every military engine, which that day could produce. United by covered communications, they sheltered the capital for ages against the attacks, whether of barbarian or civilised invaders. Upon a less magnificent scale, the fortifications were continued along the harbour, about fifty paces from the shore; but, towards the Bosphorus, as well as the Propontis, they rose abruptly from the waves. The north-eastern angle of a promontory, called Chrysoceras or the Golden Horn, narrowed by its fort-nate projection the entrance into the port, across which chains might be drawn to baffle the attempts of any hostile navy. The haven itself was six or seven miles long, and about half a league wide; the water was always sufficiently deep to bring up larger vessels to the very verge of the quays; and the river Lycus, falling into the upper end, not only cleansed the bottom, but afforded both sailors and citizens an abundance of the first necessary of life. Sixty thousand pounds' weight of gold, or two millions four hundred thousand pounds sterling of our money, were expended by Constantine, on the walls, the porticoes, and the aqueducts of his metropolis. His own palace, seated on the most conspicuous elevation, was roofed externally with gilded plates of brass, which, when illuminated by the sun, had the appearance of a city on fire. It was surrounded by spacious gardens, comprising the wonders of art, and exhibiting the beauties of nature. The splendours of oriental luxury, interspersed with groves, fountains, and temples, on all sides opened to the gaze of the astonished spectator: while the busy scenes of Constantinople, the prospects of Asia, and the ocean, the mingled associations of poetry, history, and antiquity, combined to adorn an imperial residence, which, for costliness, situation, and grandeur, could be exceeded by none in the world. Vast arsenals and edifices were added to what had been lately Byzantium: the houses, as well as the public baths, were more ostentatiously than substantially built: and so great was the influx of inhabitants, allured thither from motives of business, pleasure, or curiosity, that the narrow lanes became

perilous to passengers, from the increasing density of the population. Piles were driven into the bed of the sea, on which new erections were reared, with too little regard to health or convenience. Constantine had invited the higher ranks of society to the spot, by distributing among his favourites the choicest mansions, with lands throughout Thrace, Pontus, and Asia, which were held as hereditary estates, under the easy tenure of maintaining an establishment in the capital. The lower classes assembled, from various parts of the empire, to share in the bountiful largesses, and municipal regulations, so grateful to idleness or ambition. Within the lapse of three or four generations, Constantinople contained thirteen palaces, fourteen churches, eight public and one hundred and fifty-three private baths, two basilicas, four forums, two senate-houses, five enormous granaries, an amphitheatre, a circus maximus, with four other places of entertainment, four quays, the same number of reservoirs for rain water, as many aqueducts, three hundred and twenty-two streets, four thousand three hundred and eighty-eight very large houses, fifty-two porticoes, twenty public mills, and one hundred and twenty private ones, one hundred and seventeen tribunals for the distribution of donatives, five immense markets, three flights of costly stairs descending from the hills to the sea, a mint, a capitol, barracks for the imperial guards, and several literary institutions. The shrines of mythology surrendered their treasures to illustrate the triumphs of the first Christian potentate; and the immortal productions of ancient artists found their appropriate level, as objects for the admiration, rather than the idolatry, of mankind. To aim at an enumeration of all these, would be as tedious to the reader, as it is unbecoming the design of history, yet we may just mention the brazen bull of Perillus, the muses from the fountain of Helicon, the tripod from the oracle at Delphos, and the colossal statue of Apollo, by Phidias, upon its magnificent column of porphyry, in the centre of the principal forum.

'The streets were divided into fourteen regions, ten of which were within the walls of Constantine, the other four being added at a subsequent period. The founder nominated three praetors, to whom he intrusted the supreme government of his city; but, under ensuing reigns, the administration of Constantinople was more entirely assimilated to that of the western metropolises, and one praetorian prefect became invested with almost sovereign power. This officer at Rome took cognizance of all civil and criminal causes within his jurisdiction, and, throughout a circuit of one hundred miles in extent, there lay an appeal to his tribunal. The praetorian prefect, at Constantinople, received from Constantius very similar prerogatives; and both these municipal viceroys had under them their subordinate praetors, who, assisted by proper persons, presided over the halls of justice, arranged the various spectacles exhibited for public amusement, managed the markets, distributed the imperial largesses, and superintended the police of the capital. Bands of watchmen, under the strictest discipline, had their stations, both daily and nocturnal, in different quarters; they were enlisted from the companies of incorporated artificers; and most praiseworthy attention was paid to the preserving every street of Constantinople from accidents through fire or violence. Nine hundred and fifty individuals had the care of burying the dead among the poorer classes: the public works were committed to the inspection of an honourable magistrate: and at least three rhetoricians, ten grammarians, five sophists, one philosopher, and two professors of civil law, were maintained by the treasury, for the diffusion of useful knowledge. Constantinople, within five or ten years, having been prepared for the reception of the emperor, was solemnly consecrated to the virgin Mary, or to the God of martyrs. It was called after the name of its benefactor, and heralds proclaimed it the head of the eastern, as Rome was that of the western world. An edict, to the same effect, was engraven on a pillar of marble; a senate, with many suitable honours, was appointed; which, though less noble than the model after which it was formed, survived, as the phantom of liberty, till the age of Leo, in the middle of the ninth century.'—Pp. 232—329.

With equal felicity Mr. Bridges has described the condition of the mighty metropolis of the world, at the time when its glory was departing, and when it was on the point of being left gradually to sink into ruin and obscurity, till it should become the palace of another, and almost more universal, sovereignty. The pictures of the two rival cities present a striking contrast, when thus viewed together:

'However, the ancient seat of the Cæsars was not as yet surpassed by the growing magnificence of its rival. Allusion has already been made, in the first chapter, to the monuments of Roman glory produced under the earlier emperors. Many of these still excited the wonder of beholders; and, before the close of the fourth century, Rome is described as comprising, within her walls, two large and twenty-nine smaller libraries, six large and forty-two smaller obelisks, eight bridges, seventeen forums, eleven basilicas, twelve public and nine hundred and thirty or a thousand private baths, twenty beautiful fountains, two capitols, four amphitheatres, eight or nine edifices for dramatic entertainments, five naumachia, eleven aqueducts, thirty-six marble or triumphal arches, two colossal and from one to two hundred equestrian statues, the columns of Trajan and Aurelius, two vast markets, with upwards of two hundred and fifty mills set apart for the gratuitous use of the people. The fourteen regions were subdivided into three hundred streets, containing from seventeen to eighteen hundred respectable residences, and from forty-four to forty-seven thousand *insulae*, or lodging-houses, each of which might be occupied by several families. Eight open squares, from eleven to fourteen hundred handsome cisterns of fresh water, and an appropriate number of sewers, contributed to the health of the inhabitants. Immense granaries supplied a lazy mobility with the means of subsistence, and even with some luxuries of life: three hundred shrines or altars, besides many most superb temples, kept alive and employed the superstition of the multitude: while ten prætorian cohorts, four companies of city militia, and some other slight military forces preserved the peace of Rome. A prætorian prefect, with two prætors under his immediate control, twenty-eight inferior magistrates, and six hundred and seventy-two subordinate officers, answering perhaps to the head-constables of our modern corporations, had the charge of the police, and superintended the various departments connected with their municipal jurisdiction.'—Pp. 240–241.

Mr. Bridges has composed a work of great usefulness and merit. He has presented us with an excellent view of the period he undertook to describe; and we hope to see him prosecuting his design of inquiring into the state of the literature of the same age with equal skill and industry. His style is clear and correct, his original observations full of good sense, and his knowledge of his subject full and extensive. We have seldom seen a single volume of history containing more information, or information given in a better manner.

RELATIONS OF SICILY WITH ENGLAND.

De la Sicile et de ses Rapports avec l'Angleterre à l'époque de la Constitution de 1812; ou, Mémoires Historiques sur les principaux Evénemens de ce temps; avec la Refutation de l'Histoire d'Italie par Botta, pour les parties qui ont rapport à ces mêmes évènements. Par un Membre des différens Parlemens de Sicile. 8vo. Paris, 1828.

THE political changes which, in 1812, led the people of Sicily to indulge in the hope of an improved condition, and, in 1816, again involved them in the greatest misery, were well known to all Europe; although the silence which the weaker party is always compelled by the stronger to maintain, has caused them to be now almost totally buried in oblivion. But the historian Botta, in his late work on the events with which Italy has, for the space of nearly forty years, been overwhelmed, is, in many instances, extremely incorrect, both in the relation of facts, and the expression of opinions, as far, at least, as regards Sicily. This is not a matter of surprise, it being the system of this subtle writer artfully to withhold, and falsely to represent, historical facts, in order to make them subservient to the strange opinions entertained by him of the distinguishing character of that century. And, although it is impossible to repress the clamour of those who, destitute of every flattering hope for the future, indulge only in miserable forebodings, a Sicilian citizen, full of intelligence and personal experience, has dared to raise his voice in the defence of truth, and thereby to enable well-informed men to judge more accurately of the

circumstances relating to his country. Hence the publication of the book which forms the subject of the present article.

The author prefaces his work with a hasty sketch of the civil history of Sicily, from the commencement of the monarchy established by the Normans, down to the epoch of 1812. We say *civil history* because it is principally a compendium of the relation between the people and the Government, in order to show, by means of authentic documents, that this island acquired its political liberty at an epoch almost contemporary with that of the establishment of British independence; that it had always a national representative respected and guaranteed with solemn oaths, by the different monarchs who reigned there; that the despotic tendency of Charles the Fifth, and Philip the Second, might have diminished its prerogative, but did not entirely destroy it; that the actually reigning dynasty has always acknowledged its legitimacy, especially as it regards the valuable right of concurring in the establishment of taxes; and, lastly, that the new Constitution of 1812 was in reality nothing more than a pure and simple re-organisation of the former Constitution, with the addition only of those reforms which the improvement of the age and a variety of other circumstances loudly demanded. From which we may infer that, sooner or later, this pretended new Constitution would naturally have come of itself, since all laws require with the accession of time re-organisation and reform.

It may be observed, that, although the Constitution of England is the least imperfect of all those which exist in Europe, still not a single session passes, in which the friends of the public good do not urge the absolute necessity of a Parliamentary reform. But the force of imperious vicissitudes accelerated this political crisis in Sicily. Buonaparte, menacing every throne with ruin, extended his iron arm over the whole of Europe. The adverse coalition, after fruitless attempts to deprive it of its power, conceived a design equally useful and generous: it no longer sought to oppose it with armies, but with people; and, in order to excite these latter to second its efforts, it promised political liberty to all mankind. Where is the mind, possessing any noble feelings, that would not be roused by this cheering prospect? A European revolution was speedily organised: with the certainty of adding to this desirable association, the people of Prussia and of Germany arose in one mass, and arrested the victorious progress of the French eagles. At the same moment, an exterminating war was raging in Spain, and the Emperor of Russia, sending back to their country the Spanish regiments which were in his service, presented himself before them with the Constitution of Cadiz in his hand, and made all swear either to support it or die in its defence. Battalions of English landed in different parts of Italy, bearing on their banners the following inscription '*Italian Liberty and Independence*:' promises and incitements issued, as from the depths of the Faro of Messina, to inflame Calabria on one side, and Sicily on the other.

Particular circumstances, however, relating to this island, rendered the English solicitous to preserve it. It was an important point, for the secure maintenance of the dominion of the Mediterranean. The inhabitants, oppressed by taxes, and rendered desperate by the persecutions of the Government, threatened to depart with the French; and it is no longer a mystery, that Buonaparte secretly endeavoured to form a negotiation with Caroline of Austria, for the purpose of detaching her from this alliance. In order to avoid irreparable evils, the English Cabinet sent out Lord William Bentinck, like another Messiah, to be the bearer of a political gospel to the Sicilians.

At this unexpected event, the impulse of the public mind burst forth from all parties. The former Sicilian Parliament was convoked, but the new Constitution was nothing more than an idea without any reality. No written design was

presented to this assembly that might serve as the basis of its decisions; and this not from neglect or supineness, but from the insidious machinations of that Court, which, knowing that numbers are most able to discuss, but ineffective to concert, sought to render every thing vague and undetermined, to gain time. Lord Bentinck did not penetrate this criminal design, and confusion introduced itself where it had been sought to establish order. The birth of party dissensions, and of contrary tendencies of opinions, was the natural consequence of this equivocal state of things; and these very disorders, far from being signs of a slight attachment of the people to liberty, were undoubted proofs of new life, certain indications of a passage from one state of society to another. All agreed in the principles, but no mode could be found to make them unanimous in the means; because the Court used every intrigue to keep their minds abstracted. It is on this particular subject, that the historian Botta advances untrue statements, falsely interprets truths, and calumniate intentions: we will limit ourselves to the citation of two examples only. The Parliament, at the demand of Government, augmented the taxes. Botta appears to think, that this measure was adopted from the necessity of maintaining the English troops in that island. This is false; since not only were the English troops there supported at the expense of England, but England paid a subsidy of four hundred thousand pounds a year to remove the embarrassment of the Sicilian Government. The Parliament increased the taxes, in order to show the Government that the nation was ready to make every possible sacrifice, in order to obtain its liberty.

It is, undoubtedly, unfortunate for any people to find itself under the dominion of a foreign power, but it ought not, therefore, to be loaded with imaginary evils. Who does not know, besides, that liberty costs dearer than slavery? The first elections were tumultuous and bad. Botta attributes this misfortune to foreign influence; since Lord Bentinck, as he believes, entertaining little solicitude for the public good, proposed only his own spies and his own creatures. But why without reason attempt to blacken the character of this Minister? Certainly, no upright man would like to have performed his part in this disastrous play; since he permitted himself to be deceived and made the dupe of Castlereagh, whose deceitfulness he was not able to penetrate. But the first elections were turbulent and bad, because there as yet existed no laws by which to regulate their form and nature; because the national opinion on the merit of individuals was not yet clear and determined; because benefits must follow a Constitutional system, and cannot possibly precede it. Neither were these elections entirely bad, since many honourable names were comprised in them, of the truth of which we need only peruse the list to be assured. Besides, had Lord William Bentinck been careless with regard to the public good, he would certainly have possessed the favour of the Court, and not that of the people, whilst it is notorious to all Europe, that that Court entertained the deepest hatred towards him.

The new Constitution of 1812 was, to the shame of the Sicilian Government, abolished at the end of four years, by the influence, and at the instance, of Austria, and with the express approbation of the English Government, which had been the first promoter of it. Was even the old Constitution permitted to stand? No, both were destroyed with one blow, so that posterity cannot but reflect, that the epoch of the English dominion in Sicily dates the era of the complete servitude and degradation of its inhabitants. The mask thus fallen, Lord Bentinck discovered too late, that he had been made the dupe of a most atrocious plot, and, in the House of Commons, warmly called on Lord Castlereagh, to account for such dishonourable conduct. The Minister endeavoured to defend himself with a thousand

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tortured reasons, alleging above all, that, in consenting to the establishment of this Constitution, England had never explicitly promised or guaranteed its continuance.

The author of the work we are now reviewing, examines this part of the subject with powerful, and victorious reasoning. He first exposes all the contradictions into which the Minister suffers himself to be betrayed, in endeavouring to defend a cause so flagrantly disgraceful. He then assumes a principle of the highest political importance, since, abandoning to diplomatists the privilege of always expressing themselves in obscure and equivocal terms, from which afterwards to interpret their own predictions, according to the feelings and interests of the moment, he strenuously maintains, that between the people and the Government there is a sacred bond of moral obligation, resulting, not from the sophisms and subtleties of expression, but from the very essence of the acts and successive operations which impose unlimited duties on the honour and good faith of a Government, from which it has in vain sought by an artful vagueness of speech to withdraw itself. This discussion is, in all its forms, profoundly and admirably treated by the author; and no man who retains any feeling of shame, can fail to be moved and convinced by it. The English Cabinet was perfectly sensible of the blind faith with which the Sicilians depended on its promises, and the indignation they manifested at the first attempts which were made to effect their servitude and ruin. Even the Sicilian Government itself, when meditating the blow, felt that the dignity of the English Cabinet might be compromised by it, and therefore did not dare to take any steps without having first obtained its open and solemn consent. Neither was Castlereagh surprised at such a demand; he, on the contrary, expected it, and replied to it, consulting, not the dignity and honour which are essential characteristics of the British nation, but his own despotic passions, and that insuperable hatred which he nourished against every kind of liberty and political independence.

LAST WORK OF DR. CHALMERS.

On the Use and Abuse of Literary and Ecclesiastical Endowments. By Thomas Chalmers, D.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. Glasgow.

We are rather surprised that this little work, the latest production of its distinguished author, has not yet attracted the notice of any of our critical tribunals. The argument which it develops, is one, to be sure, which the learned Doctor has already, we believe, advanced incidentally in a previous publication; but it addresses itself to us, on the present occasion, clothed, at least, in much novelty of illustration, and with the advantage of being brought into more direct application, than heretofore, to the actual circumstances of the times.

It is a fundamental principle of our modern political economy, that the supply of a commodity is, in all cases, best regulated by the demand for it; and that nothing, in fact, but mischief is done, when an attempt is made, by communities or governments, to interfere with the natural action of this mechanism of cause and effect. And nothing can be more unquestionable, or more obvious, than the soundness of this maxim, when applied to any thing, men's wish for which forms a true measure of their want of it. It is very evidently, however, the existence of this coincidence alone, which makes the rule, in any case, a reasonable or a safe one.

Political speculators have, in general, assumed the existence of this coincidence, in regard to every ingredient of human accommodation, and have hence announced the principle in question, as of universal application in human affairs. Dr. Chalmers, however, contends, that there are, at least, two cases in which it does not hold. In re-

gard to neither moral nor intellectual instruction, according to him, are the desires of men equal to their necessities.

In so far, therefore, as these two commodities are concerned, he would have the supply regulated by another influence altogether than the natural operation of the demand. In regard to them, the Government must proceed upon a forcing system, in order to secure the requisite rate of production. They must be offered to the people even when they are not sought, and given to them when they are not paid for. In other words, institutions for their diffusion must be established and supported, in a great measure, at the expense of the state, churches, and universities; and schools must be built and endowed from the public funds, unless the nation is to be without, or nearly without, either Science or Literature, Morality or Religion.

Nor will this necessity, the Doctor argues, cease to exist even in that advanced state of society, when the institutions in question have excited among all ranks of the people an infinitely keener taste or appetite for all descriptions of mental nourishment than was felt at the era of their original establishment. They have only now to perform a higher office than that with which they were originally charged—to devote themselves to the dissemination of a loftier and more refined species of instruction—and thus still to offer to the community, something superior in point of quality to that which, without their assistance, the natural demand for intellectual cultivation could have procured. They have it still as much in their power as ever to scatter blessings around them, by outrunning that natural demand.

We have done Dr. Chalmers but little justice, we fear, by this exhibition of the mere skeleton of his argument. Even the view we have given of it, however, may perhaps induce some of our readers to look into the work itself, in which they will find it expounded in all its bearings, with exceeding ingenuity and a rich display of that power of felicitous and impressive illustration which distinguishes all the productions of this eloquent writer.

The question of the expediency of literary and ecclesiastical establishments, we cannot here attempt to discuss. Our author's defence of the theory of such institutions, is certainly plausible and imposing; but, in his eager pursuit of one view of the subject, he does not advert, we think, so attentively as he ought to other considerations of equal relevancy and importance. No doubt, established churches would be very good and praise-worthy contrivances, if their sole end and tendency were to diffuse among the people a knowledge of and taste for pure religion; but to expect any thing of this kind, is to look, we fear, only to the *beau ideal* of the matter. The attempt to realise the fair imagination, has generally turned out a lamentable enough failure, it must be confessed.

THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

Conversations on the English Constitution.—8vo. pp. 389. Longman and Co. London, 1828.

If we may form an opinion from the number of excellent compendiums of 'Useful Knowledge,' that have lately appeared, we shall be led to agree with Mr. Brougham, that the best public instructor is a good newspaper, and an itinerant schoolmaster, one of the best preservatives against arbitrary power. To make knowledge, and, more than all, political knowledge, cheap and popular, is the best 'guarantee' we can desire, for the people becoming sufficiently enlightened to engage them in supporting a liberal policy of government. For this purpose, we can assure our leading men generally, that they cannot be too strenuous in proclaiming and disseminating, like Mr. Brougham, as many popular principles, and as many useful and popular

productions, as they have it in their power to do. The public principles now avowed, and the measures now in progress, we may term, contrasted with much of our former history, eminently constitutional measures; and they have this best of all guarantees, that, even if it were so wished, publications like the one before us would no longer permit them to be abandoned. With so many public instructors at their back, all armed with 'rods,' though not with the addition of 'axes,' like the Romans, all ready too to be applied in their rear, we should say that the rising generation would be afraid to hazard such a retrograde step, and would rather prefer to face the enemies of emancipation in front, than to trust their backs to the mercy of Mr. Brougham's itinerant schoolmasters.

Seriously, however, we are pleased to see the stream of our national prejudices and public instruction at length directed into salutary and beneficent channels, in place of being left wholly to the guidance of clerical tutors and colleagues as heretofore, or being warped, like the public education of Austria and Italy, into the most crooked and mystifying paths, to effect the worst purposes of power, by the degradation and demoralisation of the people. England, at least, has passed through this ordeal of political ignorance, and reformed the articles of her political creed. France is following pretty closely in her footsteps, and Portugal has already submitted to place herself under the new schoolmaster's rule. And, we trust, this same itinerant personage will strongly inculcate upon his children, the doctrines contained in the history and examples of the English Constitution—such as we find them, impartially but liberally expounded in the able little work now before us. It consists of a series of political sketches, tracing the origin, character, and progress of, with all the most remarkable changes and improvements in, the English Constitution, on a plan calculated to develop and fix in the mind its most characteristic rights and immunities, the whole thrown into a conversational and not unattractive form.

The character of our popular schoolmaster is here maintained by a father, one of the ancient and noble house of Elliot; the pupils are his two sons, and the scene of their conversations, we are told, was a spacious and well-furnished library, in the ancient mansion of Elliot, the residence of one of the oldest knightly families in—shire. Before the windows of this delightful apartment, a magnificent terrace extended, leading by a flight of steps into a garden, which Evelyn might have planned, and Cowley have celebrated. Broad green walks conducted the wanderer through avenues of well-trimmed trees, and past fountains of the purest water, over which innumerable leaden deities presided. Beyond the 'antique maze' of this rich and curious garden, the eye wandered over a noble domain, where wood, and water, and waving corn, combined to form a truly English prospect. Nor was the eye less gratified with the interior of the apartment, which, to a lover of letters, presented a most captivating picture. A long richly-ornamented Gothic bookcase, the fair volumes extended in fair array, while couches, and desks, and tables, in every form of luxury and convenience, were stretched before them for the accommodation of the students. The library had been selected with equal diligence and taste, and exhibited, at once, the science and the literature of the collection.

Under these multifarious temptations and attractions, both from within and without, (not the most favourable, we should opine, to close legal study,) it may be consolatory to the young student to learn that Sir Ralph Elliot and his sons do not seem to have allowed their attention to wander into the 'broad green walks,' either of literature or of nature, from the more important pursuit before them. On the other hand, the good old knight, who, having been a younger brother, was originally bred to the bar, is care-

ful in giving his lectures in rather a singular and lawyer-like manner, and preserving his marginal dates and authorities from a very large and varied body of digests, and the best constitutional histories and other documents, wherewithal to illustrate his subject. In short, though couched in simple and unpretending language, and put into an easy and engaging form, well adapted to the comprehension of young persons, the work has, perhaps, too much of what we might term '*l'esprit des lois constitutionnelles*,' to keep the subject to the level of mere youthful capacities. This will more strongly apply, if we regard such a publication, as we could wish, as an object of popular interest and utility, calculated to give general but correct ideas; and an enlarged estimate of the policy and bearings of the Constitution under which we have the happiness to live. It is, however, too evident that the author has sometimes contented himself with referring to certain acts and changes in the history of our political privileges, as if he supposed them to be sufficiently familiar and understood, without farther expounding, to meet the popular apprehension. Of course, they were sufficiently familiar to the mind of the author, or, perhaps, even to Sir Ralph and his sons; but, like an imperfect dramatist, less enamoured with nature than with his own art, he omits to bring out the scene and circumstances, so as to strike the public eye. Thus, in the struggles between King John and the Barons, in the two great Revolutions under Charles and James, and in some of the more eventful epochs of our constitutional perils and embarrassments, enough is not done to satisfy the expectations and impress the minds of the young and unlearned, although it be quite just and correct, according to the views of the more initiated. An elementary work on the English Constitution ought to go farther than to supply information to young lawyers and members of Parliament, or to confine its scope to the more privileged classes. It may be objected, indeed, that the two objects would be incompatible;—that a book written for the higher classes of students must be comparatively useless to the mass of the more uninformed, and to the people. But we cannot coincide with this doctrine; there is more equality in the human intellect, and the intellect of different classes in society, than many persons would like to admit. All that we would ask for, to render the same work useful and interesting to general as well as to select readers, is, that the author should more fully develop, and more forcibly depict, so as to present and impress the same objects, familiar only to a few, upon popular comprehension, without any fear of illustrating great truths too freely to suit the superior acuteness of the more privileged students. That a popular work on the English Constitution ought to be the '*Book of the People*,' and to effect incalculable good, there can be no question; but that we find our ideas of such a work wholly disappointed in the one before us, we can by no means fairly assert. The error, as it appears to us, has been in the author's attempting to comprehend 'too great and pregnant matter,' within the limits in which he has here included his subject. Had he more largely illustrated the materials here compressed into one, throughout two or even three volumes, regarding the former rather as the Constitutional basis, or '*l'esprit des lois*,' from which to elaborate, as from a nucleus, a more full and popular system of our Constitutional laws, the obligations conferred in the present state of public instruction, and the progress of scientific and mechanic knowledge, with the admitted want of all sound political information, as to the Government under which they live,—the obligations, we say, so conferred upon the electors, and the great body of unrepresented people of this country, would have been fourfold.

On its present restricted plan, the work will doubtless not be without its use, in particular for those more educated classes, legal students and

young Members of Parliament, to whom it seems specially and technically adapted. It may at least serve to spare them the pain, if not the disgrace, of shocking Constitutional law so often as they are accustomed to do, more especially of young lawyers on first getting into the House.

What further convinces us how very chary the author was bound to be of his illustrations and expositions, even of the more important features of his subject, is the fact of his not having carried his conversations on the respective reigns beyond that of James II., when he enters on historical sketches of the several branches of the Government. These are clearly and judiciously treated: the method observed throughout is excellent, and the whole of the conversations fall in easily and naturally with the subject. As far as it goes, we approve the plan and objects of the work; but we must remind the author, that it may be advantageously enlarged and followed up, in order fully to insure its most beneficial purposes, as regards the political instruction and sound views of the rising community.

In many portions, we meet with curious and interesting observations from our old legal writers, showing the popular sense entertained of English liberty at the earliest periods of history, and the number of its martyrs and defenders before the days of the Hampdens and the Russells.

The famous Bracton, for instance, thus speaks of the 'kingly office' in the reign of Henry III., proving that the people fully knew the value of the great Charter, obtained under their barons:

'The king ought not to be under man, but under God, and under the law, for the law makes the king. Therefore, let the king attribute to the law that which the law attributes to him, viz. dominion and power; for there is no king where the will and not the law bears dominion. And, in another place, the same writer tells us, that the king has no authority which he does not derive from the law.* In defence of this doctrine, the people, in the worst times, seem to have yielded only with reluctance to supplying their monarchs, by arbitrary exactions, often stoutly resisted before the days of Charles I. We have seen, says the author, 'that, in the early part of this reign, (Henry VIII.,) the attempt to enforce a compulsory supply from the people had failed, through the strong popular opposition with which the measure was met; but Henry, as he grew older, grew also more arbitrary; and, towards the close of his reign, again resorted to the same illegal proceeding. "In effect," says Lord Herbert,† "this Benevolence passed with much grudging." An attempt was made to resist it by some spirited citizens of London; but the Court was not to be thus foiled, and Roach, an alderman of London, who had refused to contribute, was committed to prison for three months, on a charge of seditious words; while Reid, another alderman, for similar contumacy, was sent to serve in the army against the Scots, and, being taken prisoner, was compelled to pay a heavy ransom.†'

Pp. 98, 99.

Some really amusing, as well as important, facts, from old English legal and historical authorities, will be found in this very clever and useful little volume. In these times, it was, in fact, a desideratum in young legal and political circles, no less than for other ranks and professions, in order to impress them, at least, with sound general views of what that constitution is really composed,—how it has been, and ought to be maintained,—under which they have the comparative happiness to live.

LIFE OF MANSIE WAUCH.

The Life of Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith. Written by Himself. 12mo. Blackwood. Edinburgh, 1828.

This admirable little novel is full of those close and lively sketches of Scottish life which have distinguished many others of the same school. The dry humour, the bold and happy touches in describing character, and the occasional mixture of a deep and affecting pathos

displayed in its different chapters, render it one of the most charming volumes that can be read to pass away an idle hour. Mansie Wauch, tailor of Dalkeith, is the very beau ideal of such a character, and is described with all its particularities of humble eccentricity and original humour. The other personages are equally well depicted. One of the early scenes, describing a feast given to the hero's uncle and the Town Council, is so amusing, that we shall give it as a specimen:

'Well, ye see, some great lord,—I forget his name, but no matter,—that had made a most tremendous sum of money, either by foul or fair means, among the blacks in the East Indies, had returned, before he died, to lay his bones at home, as yellow as a Limerick glove, and as rich as Dives in the New Testament. He kept flunkies with plush small clothes, and sky blue coats with scarlet-velvet cuffs and collars,—lived like a princie,—and settled, as I said before, in the neighbourhood of Jedburgh.

'The body, though as brown as a toad's back, was as prideful and full of power as auld King Nebusshad-neisher; and how to exhibit all his purple and fine linen, he aye thought and better thought, till at last, the happy determination came over his mind like a flash of lightning, to invite the bailies, deacons, and town-council, all in a body, to come and dine with him.

Save us! what a brushing of coats, such a switching of stoury trowsers, and bleaching of white cotton stockings, as took place before the catastrophe of the feast, never before happened since Jedbert was a burgh. Some of them that were forward, and geyan bold in the spirit, crawled aloud for joy, at being able to boast that they had received an invitation letter to dine with a great lord; while others, as proud as peacocks of the honour, yet not very sure as to their being up to the trade of behaving themselves at the tables of the great, were mostly dung stupid with not kenning what to think. A council meeting or two took place in the gloamings, to take such a serious business into consideration; some expressing their fears and inward down-sinking, while others cheered them up with a filip of pleasant consolation. Scarcely a word of the matter for which they were summoned together by the town officer—and which was about the mending of the old bell-rope—was discussed by any of them. So after a sowd of toddy was swallowed, with the hopes of making them brave men, and good soldiers of the magistracy, they all plucked up a proud spirit, and, do or die, determined to march in a body up to the gate, and forward to the table of his lordship.

'My uncle, who had been one of the ringleaders of the chicken-hearted, crap away among the rest, with his new blue coat on, shining fresh from the ironing of the goose, but keeping well among the thick, to be as little kenspeckle as possible; for all the folk of the town were at their doors and windows to witness the great occasion of the town-council, going away up like gentlemen of rank to take their dinner with his lordship. That it was a terrible trial to all cannot be for a moment denied; yet some of them behaved themselves decently; and, if we confess that others trembled in the knees, as if they were marching to a field of battle, it was all in the course of human nature.

'Yet ye would wonder how they came on by degrees; and, to cut a long tale short, at length found themselves in a great big room, like a palace in a fairy tale, full of grand pictures with gold frames, and looking-glasses like the side of a house, where they could see down to their very shoes. For a while they were like men in a dream, perfectly dazzled, and dumb-founded; and it was five minutes before they could either see a seat, or think of sitting down. With the reflection of the looking-glasses, one of the bailies was so possessed within himself, that he tried to chair himself where chair was none, and landed, not very softly, on the carpet; while another of the deacons, a fat and dumpy man, as he was trying to make a bow, and throw out his leg behind him, stramped on a favourite Newfoundland dog's tail, that, wakening out of its slumber with a yell that made the roof ring, played drive against my uncle, who was standing about, and wheeled him like a butterfly, side foremost, against a table with a heap o' flowers on't, where, in trying to keep himself, he drove his head, like a battering-ram, through a looking-glass, and bleached back on his hands and feet on the carpet.

'Seeing what had happened, they were all frightened; but his lordship, after laughing heartily, was

* Bracton, p. 167.

† Kennet, vol. ii. p. 249.

‡ Kennet, vol. ii. p. 249.

politer, and kent better about manners than all that; so, bidding the flunkies hurry away with the fragments of the china jugs and jars, they found themselves, sweating with terror and vexation, ranged along silk settees, cracking about the weather and other wonderfuls.

'Such a dinner! the fume of it went round about about their hearts like myrrh and frankincense. The landlord took the head of the table, the bailies the right and left of him; the deacons and councillors were ranged along the sides, like files of soldiers; and the chaplain, at the foot, said grace. It is entirely out of the power of man to set down on paper all that they got to eat and drink; and such was the effect of French cookery, that they did not ken fish from flesh. However, for all that, they laid lugs in every thing that lay before them, and what they could not eat with forks they supped with spoons; so it was all to one purpose.

'When the dishes were removing, each had a large blue glass bowl full of water, and a clean calendered damask towel, put down by a smart flunky before him; and many of them that had not helped themselves well to the wine, while they were eating their steaks and French friggasses, were now vexed to death on that score, imagining that nothing remained for them, but to dig their nebs and flee up.

'Ignorant folk should not judge rashly, and the worthy town-council were here in error; for their surmises, however feasible, did the landlord wrong. In a minute they had fresh wine decanters ranged down before them, filled with liquors of all variety of colours, red, green, and blue; and the table was covered with dishes full of jargonelles and pippins, raisins and almonds, shell-walnuts, and plumdauases, and nut-crackers, and every thing they could think of eating; so that after drinking "The King, and long life to him," and "The constitution of the country at home and abroad," and "Success to trade," and "A good harvest," and "May ne'er waur be among us," and "Botheration to the French," and "Corny toes and short shoes to the foes of old Scotland," and so on, and their tongues began, at length, not to be so tucked; and the weight of their own dignity, that had taken flight before his lordship, came back and rested on their shoulders.

'In the course of the evening, his lordship whispered to one of the flunkies to bring in some things—they could not hear what—as the company might like them. The wise ones thought within themselves that the best aye comes hindmost; so in brushed a powdered valet, with three dishes on his arm of twisted black things, just like sticks of Gibraltar-rock, but different in the colour.

'Baillie Bowie helped himself to a jargonelle, and Deacon Purvis to a wheen raisins; and my uncle, to show that he was not frightened, and kent what he was about, helped himself to one of the long black things, which, without much ceremony, he shoved into his mouth, and began to. Two or three more, seeing that my uncle was up to trap, followed his example, and chewed away like nine-year-olds.

'Instead of the curious-looking black thing being sweet as honey, for so they expected, they soon found they had catched a Tartar; for it had a confounded bitter tobacco-taste. Manners, however, forbade them laying them down again, more especially as his lordship, like a man dumfounded, was aye keeping his eye on them. So away they chewed, and better chewed, and whammelled them round in their mouths, first in one cheek, and then in the other, taking now and then a mouthful of drink to wash the trash down, then chewing away again, and syne another whammel from one cheek to the other, and syne another mouthful, while the whole time their een were staring in their heads like mad, and the faces they made may be imagined, but cannot be described. His lordship gave his eyes a rub, and thought he was dreaming; but no—there they were bodily, chewing, and whammelling, and making faces; so no wonder that, in keeping in his laugh, he sprang a button from his waistcoat, and was like to drop down from his chair, through the floor, in an ecstasy of astonishment, seeing they were all growing sea-sick, and pale as stucco-images.

'Frightened out of his wits at last, that he would be the death of the whole council, and that more of them would pushion themselves, he took up one of the segars—every one knows segars now, for they are fashionable among the very sweeps—which he lighted at the candle, and commenced puffing like a tobacco-pipe.

'My uncle and the rest, if they were ill before, were worse now; so when they got to the open air, instead of growing better they grew sicker and sicker, till they

were wagging from side to side, like ships in a storm; and, no kenning whether their heels or heads were uppermost, went spinning round about like pieris.

"A little spark may make muckle wark." It is perfectly wonderful what great events spring out of trifles, or what seem to common eyes but trifles. I do not allude to the nine days' deadly sickness, that was the legacy of every one that ate his segar, but to the awful truth, that, at the next election of councillors, my poor uncle Jamie was completely blackballed—a general spite having been taken to him in the town-hall, on account of having led the magistracy wrong, by doing what he ought to have let alone, thereby making himself and the rest a topic of amusement to the world at large, for many and many a month.

'Others, to be sure, it becomes me to make mention, have another version of the story, and impute the cause of his having been turned out to the implacable wrath of old Baillie Bogie, whose best black coat, square in the tails, that he had worn only on the Sundays for nine years, was totally spoiled, on their way home in the dark from his lordships, by a tremendous blash, that my unfortunate uncle happened, in the course of nature, to let flee in the frenzy of a deadly upthrowing.'

ISLAND OF SARDINIA.

Voyage en Sardaigne, de 1812 à 1825, ou Description Statistique, Physique, et Politique de cette Ile. Par le Chevalier Albert de la Marmora.

A publication under the above title has recently appeared in Paris; and, though it is announced as merely the precursor of a more extensive work, it nevertheless contains more information concerning Sardinia and its inhabitants, than is to be found in the accounts of any previous writer, not excepting Azuni. It is curious that the English, whose spirit of enterprise, and love of scientific investigation have led them to explore the most remote regions of the earth, should hitherto have directed but little attention to an island, which is so much within the reach of their observation, and which, owing to its many profitable sources of trade, peculiarly claims the attention of mercantile nations.

Marmora, whose work proves him to be an acute and attentive observer, gives the most satisfactory information respecting the production of Sardinia, and its export and import trade. The chief articles imported by the Sardinians are, arms, steel wares, tin, woollen and cotton cloths, coffee and sugar. The island contains some rich lead-mines, the working of which might be rendered exceedingly productive; but they are unavailable, through the want of roads and machines. These deficiencies also render profitless the forests with which the western part of the island is covered. The Sardinians have no glass manufacture, though the island produces abundance of fine sand, quartz, and pot-ash. The salt-trade might be increased at least three-fold beyond what it now is. Rope, cord, &c., are imported in great quantities, for the use of the fisheries, though the island itself produces abundance of hemp. The cotton plant also thrives in Sardinia, and yet the inhabitants import all their cotton and linen cloths. There is not a single paper-mill on the island. Soap is made only for domestic use, though the country affords plentiful supplies of oil, tallow, and soda. The Sardinians export all their wines in bottles; but they do not make corks themselves, though the cork-tree grows on the island. They neglect rearing the silk-worm, notwithstanding that their climate is peculiarly favourable to that object. In short, neither the Government nor individuals have heretofore availed themselves of the advantages which nature had so bountifully placed within their reach. The chief articles of the export trade of Sardinia are cattle, oil, wine, skins, fish, salt, tobacco, and cheese. The export of corn is subject to great restrictions by the Government; and, in consequence, a great portion of the abundant crops, which might be turned to the most profitable account, are absolutely wasted. The population of Sardinia amounts to 412,000 souls, which is considerably less than it was in the year 1775. Mar-

mora attributes this decrease to the numerous murders which are committed in Sardinia; for, when the life of any individual is sacrificed in this way, his murderer, and several of the relatives of both parties, are sure to become the victims of revenge. Another cause of the diminished population is, he conceives, the want of physicians,—a supposition, the correctness of which many will, perhaps, be inclined to dispute. The decreasing population of Sardinia, may, probably, with more justice, be ascribed to the oppression which has been exercised over the people by the privileged classes, since the death of Charles Emanuel, in 1775, and also to the wars occasioned by the French Revolution.

The Sardinians are a ferocious and revengeful people:—hence the frequency of the crime of murder among them. The nobility and the clergy are as ignorant as they are numerous; every fifth man in Sardinia being either a noble or a priest. The dress of the common people is still as rude as it was in very remote ages, frequently consisting merely of goat-skins, stitched together. The houses are not less uncouth than the costume of their inhabitants, being often wholly devoid of comfort or convenience. Eating, drinking, and dancing, are the highest enjoyments of the Sardinians. They are also fond of hunting, shooting, horse-racing, &c.

The marriage customs of these people are also exceedingly curious. The bridegroom visits the parents of the bride, and says: 'I have come to request a beautiful white cow which you possess, and which, if you give it me, will be the ornament of my herd, and the comfort of my old age.' In this curious strain, a dialogue is maintained between the parties, until the bargain about the white cow is concluded. When the bridegroom fetches his bride from her father's house, a remnant of ancient customs diffuses an interest over the scene. The bridegroom goes accompanied by his friends, who are called *paralymphe*, a corruption of the ancient designation of *paranymphe*. He knocks at the door, and exclaims, 'Honour and Virtue!' upon which he is immediately admitted. The bride throws herself at her mother's feet, and implores the maternal blessing. Amidst the sound of music and bell-ringing, they proceed to church, and from thence back again to the bride's house. The bride is then placed on horseback and conducted in triumph to the residence of the bridegroom, whose nearest relations present to her the *Grazia*, that is a dish filled with salt, corn, and pastry, some portion of which she hands to her husband. The festivities conclude with feasting and dancing.

The funeral ceremonies of the Sardinians resemble the *nenia* of the Romans, the *myriology* of the modern Greeks, and the customs which prevailed about half a century ago in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland. The body is laid down in the middle of a room, the face being uncovered and turned towards the door. The relations and friends of the deceased, or, as is frequently the case, women hired for the purpose, enter the room; and, with expressions of dismay and astonishment, affect to know nothing of the death of the person. After violent weeping, groaning, and howling, their demonstrations of sorrow cease for a while; when one of the women, suddenly starting up, delivers, with the wildest gesticulations, an extempore address over the dead body. This address is divided into regular pauses; at the conclusion of each of which, the speaker utters three times the exclamation, 'Ahi!' in which she is joined by the whole party of mourners in full chorus. The address, and the tone in which it is delivered, vary according to different circumstances. Over the body of a young girl, the speaker delivers her oration in a tone of tranquil melancholy. The death of a woman of mature years gives rise to a more vehement strain of lamentation; and, if the object deplored be a man of rank, the most violent demonstrations of

grief are evinced. When a man falls by the hand of a murderer, expressions of sorrow are mingled with the bitterest imprecations, and his friends are implored to avenge his death. The widow, in particular, cries loudly for revenge. She revives the recollection of old animosities and half-forgotten offences, and entreates those who respect the memory of the deceased to go forth and murder his enemy.

Sardinia is governed by a Vice-King, and the laws are administered by 13 Judges, who are subordinate to two Presidents. They are but scantily paid, and, in consequence, they are seldom proof against the temptation of bribery. The revenues of the island amount to 500,000 dollars. The two high schools in Cagliari have lately, through want of support, been reduced to one, and there are but few village schools. Agriculture is only in its infancy in Sardinia, and in the implements of husbandry no improvement appears to have been made for ages past. Forests are often cut down, and sometimes even destroyed by fire, in order to make room for cattle. But cattle of all kinds are declining more and more every year. Goats alone seem to thrive. The rearing of bees, too, which used to be a favourite object with the Sardinians, is now neglected.

THE PAINS OF MEMORY.

[A very close connection exists between the pleasures and the pains of memory. In fact, they so frequently approximate to each other, that it is next to an impossibility, at all times, to draw the true line of distinction. The principle of memory is also greatly influenced in its operations and effects by talent, temper, disposition, education, and a thousand other peculiar circumstances. The human mind varies so immensely, from moral, intellectual, and physical causes, that recollections, which might afford some a sort of melancholy pleasure, would, as to others, be but productive of sensations of pain the most exquisite and unqualified. But, without entering into the metaphysical discussion of this topic, it may be sufficient to premise, that this sketch merely alludes to instances in which the memory of past occurrences must, as to all minds, operate painfully. The existence of retrospection of this nature can be denied by none, although their limits may well be made the subject of dispute.]

The Pains of Memory.—A Sketch.

HAIL, Memory, hail! my mind dreads, inspired by thee,
The path which leads to immortality.
Genius, and taste, and eloquence, are thine,
With all the music of the impassioned line;
And when the bosom of the poet glows;
When through his soul Castalia's fountain flows,
Thou, potent spirit, bendest o'er his lyre,
Feeding the lamp of inspiration's fire.
Hail, Memory, hail! thou art the theme I choose;
Assist the wanderings of my doubtful muse,
Though thee I sing, not when thou'rt robed in light,
And Grief's pale features gladden at thy sight,
But when thou comest an unwelcome guest,
The horrid darkness of remorse thy vest,
And calmly listenest to the soul's deep burst
Of many a wretch whom Fate hath doubly cursed.

The Slave.

Lo! the poor galley-slave! how Memory's dart
Assails, and deeply rankles in his heart.
So well assured that he must never more
Taste of wild freedom on his Congo's shore,
Or rush with transport to the fond embrace
Of a loved consort, and a helpless race;
Sad he remembers his forsaken home,
Far distant now beyond the billow's foam,
And cruel Fancy pains him with a view
Of his low cottage, and his light canoe.
Then comes the dreadful contrast—once possessed
Of savage liberty, his life was blest—
Once the gay wanderer of the desert's sand,
But now—a captive in the stranger's land!
His brain nigh maddens, for beyond the tomb
All is to him impenetrable gloom.
Within him dwells not meek religion's hope,
Which teaches man with misery to cope;
Nor has he friends to bid him raise his eyes,
To seek for home and comfort in the skies.
Desperate he struggles, but, alas, in vain!
To free his limbs, and burst the galling chain:
Quickly exhausted, mid the iron links,
In a deep agony of soul he sinks.

The Victim of Seduction.

And thou, poor victim of deceiving man!
Thine eyes are lustreless, thy cheek is wan;

For memory wrings thee, once how happy thou—
Virtue sat smiling on thine open brow;
O'er thy calm sky no clouds of darkness gloomed,
Around thy path an Eden ever bloomed;
And joy unfolded like a gaudy flower,
 wooing thee with its fragrance of an hour.
Alas, how chang'd thy state! ev'n he who won
Thy steps from virtue, seeks thy face to shun.
Loved friends and sisters thee have rashly hurled
Into the tide of an un pitying world;
Thou art abandoned, nor can'st hope for peace,
Till death comes kindly to thy soul's release.
I pity thee, young sufferer by the wiles
Of treacherous love, when I behold the smiles
Thy lips assume, as, circled by a throng,
Thou hear'st at the voice of gaiety and song;
And my wild fancy frequent follows thee
Into thy chamber's silent privacy,
Where bitterly thou mourn'st o'er pleasures fled,
And friends tho' living, yet to thee as dead.
Ev'n now I see thee. With her head reclined,
While Memory tortures her unsettled mind,
With thoughts of innocent hours—there sits the form
Of beauty yielding to affliction's storm!
There sits the wretch whose eyes can rarely weep,
But soon must close in everlasting sleep.
Maiden, I pity thee! may Heaven bestow
That mercy vainly thou wilt seek below.

The Recluse.

Enter the dark and solitary cell,
Where the cowl'd Monk is ever doom'd to dwell;
To drag thro' years unmark'd the lengthening chain
Of Life's existence, and repent in vain.
Far from his reach domestic joys are placed,
How oft he wishes his first step retraced;
How oft he gazes thro' the latticed wires,
Till on his vision the same prospect tires.
Dreamings of Heaven not always fill his mind,
He broods o'er hopes in early youth resign'd.
Sad thoughts oppress him, and his eyes are wet
With tears of bitterness, and vain regret.
To such heart-rending Memories as his,
Unconscious apathy itself were bliss.

The Tyrant.

Next view the Tyrant on his golden bed,
About to mingle with the vulgar dead.
From him earth's grandeur is receding fast;
See, how he fears the Memory of the past.
Each scene of darkness which disgraced his life,
Each city ruined by his thirst for strife,
Rises to view; while spectre-forms flit by,
Of those who fell beneath his cruelty.
Ghastly he looks, for o'er his pillow hangs
Remorse, that, torturing with relentless pangs,
E'en before death unveils those black retreats,
Where the proud Tyrant retribution meets.

The Faithless Lover.

Nor can the Faithless Lover always flee
Thy searching glance, revengeful Memory!
When urged by gold, or loud ambition's voice,
He leaves the object of his early choice
To hopeless grief, and seeks some distant clime,
Oblivion drowns not his ungrateful crime.
In eve's tranquillity he stalks along
The lone sea-shore, repenting of his wrong;
He views the mighty billows which, between
Him and his love, now darkly intervene.
Memory is stirring, and the peaceful spot,
Where he has met her oft, is not forgot.
Observe the anguish in that youthful brow,
Nor violate for gold a sacred vow.

The Murderer.

When Memory wakes, convulsed the Murderer stands,
And wildly clenches his polluted hands,
Though lost to feelings which adorn the mind,
Pursuit he fears in every gust of wind.
Objects of ghastly terror round him swell,
And his dark bosom is itself a hell.

The Exile.

Doom'd until death by dark Siberian mines,
To waste his life, the lonely Exile pines.
Oft to behold the dismal scenes around,
Abrupt he rises from the flinty ground.
Here spread interminable tracts of snow,
Which not one sign of living verdure show;
There frown dark forests, here a waste of sands,
Dark and unbounded, gloomily expands.
What lovely forms before him Memory brings,
He strives to flee them as from serpent-stings.
Hope has abandoned him, and he must die,
Full well he knows, beneath this savage sky,

Circled by forms and visages uncouth,
Severed from all who solaced him in youth.

The Seducer.

Next unto him who murderous blood hath spilt,
Woman's Seducer well may rank in guilt;
And, if his conscience be not seared by time,
Or by a dark chain of continuous crime,
What gloomy thoughts across his bosom roll,
What sad reflections harrow up his soul!
Well he remembers even the day—the hour,
When first he felt, and owned her beauty's power;
And restless Fancy gives him to behold
Her form, long since in death's embraces cold;
Again he sees her on her dying bed,
Kisses that cheek from which the rose has fled;
While, on his spirit, with redoubled force,
Fasten the clutches of the Fiend Remorse.

Adam and Eve leaving Paradise.

When, for a fatal breach of God's command,
Our world's first parents fled the flaming brand,
And took a last farewell of Eden's groves,
Scene of their happiness and early loves,
What o'er their minds a cloud of darkness cast,
What, but the Memory of the blissful past?

The Death of a Beloved Object.

Lo! here is one who hath for ever closed
The eyes of her in whom his hopes reposed;
Who hath just lost, by Fate's severe decree,
The object of his soul's idolatry.
Wan is his cheek, no smiles his lips illumine,
Nature to him appears a general tomb;
Wrapt in his gloomy thoughts, he sits apart,
And yields to anguish his rebellious heart.
For mercy's sake, that mourner's bosom flee,
His pangs increase not, gentle Memory!
Depart, depart—and, oh! prolong thy stay
Till many a weary year hath roll'd away;
Nor come thou then to give the past to view,
Unless thy sister, radiant Hope, come too,
Brightening his sorrow with her angel-eye,
Whispering of Love's renewal in the sky!

Conclusion.

Hail, Memory, hail! to thee the Lord hath given
Power, not on earth alone, but even in Heaven.
Thou, haply, art the Minister through whom
Vengeance descends into the realms of gloom;
Visiting angels, who, of old, possess'd
Unspotted seats among the faithful blest,
Or making Hell more dark, for souls who ran,
Mocking the Almighty, thro' their earthly span.
Hail, Memory, hail! tho' I have felt thy dart,
Piercing, at intervals, this wayward heart,
Thee I revere, for thou my friend hast been;
When unto pleasure nought on earth could win,
Oft hast thou cheer'd me with thy wand of light,
Amidst the hours of sickness and of night,
Calling up forms that Fancy might create,
Dreams of a future and celestial state;
And I have sung thee, tho' to thee belong,
A far more noble bard and more exalted song!

Le Barde des Vosges, Recueil de Poésies; par M. Pélissier d'Epinal. Paris, 1828.

THERE are, in this collection of poems, some charming pieces. We are not aware that this author ever appeared before the public until the present moment; but it is quite certain, that, if he continue to write such poetry as the following verses, which we quote from one of his 'Hellenides,' his name will soon become known in the literary world.

'O Grec, achève ton ouvrage!

Sois ton espoir, ton salut, ton soutien.
Aigle régénéré de l'empire Chrétien,
Garde-toi d'appeler, pour venger ton outrage,
Les peuples avilis, dont le pâle courage
Enervait le tien.

Eh! ne crois pas que cet aïen les blesse!

Eux te venger! te secourir!
L'homme dans l'esclavage a-t-il quelque noblesse?
Timide à vaincre, ardent à discourir,
A tes banquets de mort, il craindrait d'accourir;
Et l'exemple de sa faiblesse
Te désapprendrait à mourir.

PHILIP AUGUSTUS.

THE high interest attached to the events that occurred towards the close of the twelfth and the commencement of the thirteenth century, is likely to be gratified by the publication of 'The Reign of Philip Augustus,' early in April, at Paris; of which, those admitted into the secrets of the French Murray speak in terms of praise.

Henriette
1827;
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HISTORY OF HENRIETTA SONTAG.

Henriette, die schöne Sängerin. 12mo., p. 174. Leipsig, 1827; Black, Young, and Young. London, 1828.

THE engrossing topic of conversation among the higher circles, the news, nay, the wonder of the day, is the arrival of Mademoiselle Sontag, who is this evening to make her appearance at the King's Theatre. Will the lovely Henrietta, in London, as in Paris and Berlin, captivate every heart by her irresistible smiles, and obtain universal suffrage by the flexibility and sweetness of her voice? Less susceptible, however, than our continental neighbours, should we escape the fascination of a voice, which is always delightful, though sometimes wanting in clearness, and extremely brilliant, though deficient in style; yet shall we not yield to the charms of bright and playful eyes, of lips that rival the rose-bud, an angel's countenance, and a figure modelled after the Graces; in fine, of all the seductive attractions which are attributed to this lovely and youthful actress, who has indeed scarcely completed her twentieth year? Will our admiration of the *Rosina* of the 'Barbieri,' make us forget *Medea*? And will the public opinion, partaking of the general enthusiasm, lavish its encomiums on this beautiful and amiable singer?

Without waiting the event of this evening's performance, may not the little work now before us answer some of these questions and enlighten us on this interesting subject? It opens with a scene at the Opera House in Berlin. Here Mademoiselle Sontag appears to have just performed the part of *Rosina*, in 'Il Barbieri,' with more archness than expression, with more liveliness than feeling; she has personated the character exactly as Rossini rendered it. Her lively and playful style, however, and her sweet melodious voice, drew from the audience bursts of applause, as enthusiastic as they were unanimous. A thousand hands were in motion, a thousand voices vociferated their admiration of the resplendent talents of the lovely Henrietta, and loudly called for her to receive a repetition of their approbation. The curtain is accordingly slowly drawn up, and the youthful actress advances, radiant with all the attractions which had already so fascinated the audience. Unable to speak from emotion, she testified her thanks by a deep curtsy, and the liquid lustre of her eye evinced the pleasure she experienced at such unequivocal testimonials of approbation.

Such was the powerful effect, amounting to an ecstasy of delight, which pervaded the whole audience, that a quarter of an hour elapsed after the curtain had dropped, before a soul thought of leaving the theatre; and twice it became requisite to remind them that the performance had concluded, before they attempted to withdraw. The spectators then dispersed, but slowly, and with apparent reluctance, while many of the most zealous admirers of Mademoiselle Sontag repaired to a neighbouring place of refreshment.

The oysters and champagne with which they here regaled themselves, were certainly not at all calculated to allay the feeling of excitement with which our illustrious dilettanti were impressed. As may be easily imagined, the Opera, Mademoiselle Sontag's beauty, and her superior talents, formed the principal topics of the conversation. 'What a bewitching grace and elegance of manner seems united in her person!' said one; 'How light and fairy-like is her acting!' said another; 'I admire,' said a third, 'her person; even her numerous gesticulations, which some absurd critics chose to find fault with as too frequently repeated.'

All were unanimous in the opinion, that Mademoiselle Sontag recalled to memory both the voice and physiognomy of Madame Fodor. 'One might almost take her for the daughter of that celebrated singer,' said they; 'what a rare combination of sweetness and brilliancy are the tones of her voice!' and 'With what ease she appears to

overcome the greatest difficulties!' exclaimed others; while all agreed that her vocal powers were of the first order, and that she displayed as much taste as elegance in the management of them. 'To be sure,' resumed the first speaker, 'her method is not perfectly good; but what of that? her style is bold and free, and she knows when to introduce the most delightful embellishment and the most graceful *flouriture*.' 'My dear friend,' said the Counsellor W— addressing his colleague H—, 'what is life destitute of love? I am now fully sensible of that feeling, such as poets have so often described it.' 'Good Heavens!' exclaimed an English Nobleman, 'how beautiful she is!' 'Waiter, a bottle of champagne, and here's to the health of the fair Henrietta!' 'She is really admirable,' said the manager of the Opera, who, having joined them, was beset with questions respecting our heroine. 'She is certainly endowed with irresistible charms,' said a young man, who had not hitherto ventured to speak; 'her voice is melodious and full of feeling; but the more extensive her powers, the more indignant I feel that they should be exerted for mere sordid gain.' 'You are right,' said the Englishman, 'I hate every thing sordid; I delight in all that is noble. Here, waiter, another dozen of oysters.'

Some one attempted to account for Mademoiselle Sontag's choice of the stage, by relating her history. 'Born of parents, who themselves had held a distinguished rank among the dramatic performers of their day, the fair Henrietta seemed predestined for the stage, as well by birth as education. At the early age of five years, she appeared on the boards at Frankfurt, in the old opera of "The Nymph of the Danube," in which she played with considerable effect the part of a fairy. At nine years old she lost her father, and soon after, quitting the provinces of the Rhine, she accompanied her mother in a journey through Germany, and wherever she performed, success crowned her exertions. Her voice had by this time attained considerable extent, and she could with ease compass two octaves. The constant habit of exercising herself on the most difficult music, rendered the most scientific of Mozart's compositions comparatively easy to her, and being admitted a pupil at the "Conservatoire," at Prague, the instructions she there received soon completed the musical education of a pupil who only required to be shown the path towards excellence. At twelve, she made her first appearance at the theatre of that city, and was even more successful than her friends had ventured to anticipate. Shortly afterwards, she went to Vienna, where her fame had already preceded her, and she found herself the object of still greater admiration: she soon obtained an engagement for the German Opera, from which she was, in a short time, removed to the Italian. Madame Fodor was at that time the ornament of that theatre, and Mademoiselle Sontag selected this accomplished singer as her model. She again made the tour of Germany in the autumn of 1824. Leipzig engaged the possession of her talents for a time, and wished to detain her; Berlin is about to be favoured also with her presence.' . . . The young stranger, who had listened to this recital in silence, now rose and left them with the same taciturnity.

The next morning the drawing-room of our heroine was crowded by a brilliant assembly of rank and fashion. Among her numerous admirers, the young man of whom we have just spoken introduced himself, under the modest name of Werner. Unknown to most of the personages, who courted the good graces, or laid snares for the innocence of the fair songstress, he was equally unknown to her. In the following extract, however, we have one or two of these characters placed before us in a scene which takes place at her house:

"Go on, Monsieur le Directeur Bruckbaner, I am all attention to your story; for I must go to his

Highness, and I always try to find some novelty to divert him with at dinner." Regenbogen was in this the interpreter of the wishes of the whole party, and Bruckbaner began his story:

"Never was a manager at the same time so overjoyed and so terrified as I have been. I was in the box-office with my treasurer, and asked him how the tickets went off for to-morrow night's representation, in which you, dearest Henrietta, are to appear, for the first time, in the character of Amanda; I received the delightful answer, that only one single ticket remained. At this moment, enter two officers, Lieutenant Spitzdegen, a noted dancer and fencer, and Lieutenant Maulbeere, his bosom friend; both ask, in one voice, if they can have tickets to see Amanda. The treasurer, with a shrug, holds up the single ticket; both fly at it, as the harpies of old on the royal feast, and a quarrel ensues. We tried to interfere, but in vain; the swords of both were out in an instant; in vain we tried to throw ourselves between them; the blows fell as quick as lightning, and thick as hail, and, before many minutes had elapsed, Maulbeere lay bleeding on the floor, pierced with a dreadful wound; and Spitzdegen, wounded himself, brandished, in triumph, the ticket on the point of his sword, and walked off with his dearly bought prize."

"But the wounded man?" asked Henrietta, trembling, and almost in tears.—"He will soon be carried to the barracks," answered the Director.

"By God," cried the Englishman, 'the affair is worthy of having taken place in London.' 'Yes, in Bedlam,' rejoined Werner, in a severe tone. 'A most delicious bit of news,' cried Count Regenbogen, and he seemed quite consoled for the loss of his *touget*. The Englishman was in evident uneasiness at not having an answer ready for Werner, but he would at any rate soon have been able to come to the charge with a piece of rudeness, if another accident had not roused them all from their astonishment. The fair singer, to hide her agitation, had retired to the window; they heard her ejaculate 'Merciful Heaven!' and she fell back fainting."

"All flew to her help; even the Englishman tried to show his activity after a rough sort of manner, and cried out to loosen her dress; but Werner pushed him back rather roughly, and carried her, with the help of her maid, to the adjoining apartment. In a few minutes he returned to the company: 'Henrietta,' said he, 'is under the care of her attendant and her nurse. A physician has been sent for; your kindness, gentlemen, will therefore be no further necessary. Henrietta thanks you for your attention; but, as rest is what she most requires, I trust that you will follow my example, and leave the house.' With these words, he took his hat and went away. 'Who is this impudent man,' said the Englishman to Count Regenbogen, 'who acts as if he were master of the house?' 'Who can know all the *mauvais sujets* that are to be met with?' answered the Count; 'but, come, my dear fellow, we dine together, I presume, at the Prince's.' 'Cela s'entend,' said the Englishman. They left the house with the rest of the company, and at the door they saw the cause of Henrietta's illness. They were carrying the wounded officer, bathed in blood, through the street, and Werner accompanied the litter."

In the evening, Henrietta, somewhat recovered from her indisposition, was reading in her boudoir, by the soft and subdued light of a lamp, when Werner was announced. 'I fear I have broken in upon your solitude.' 'Come in,' said Henrietta, 'I am delighted to see you. This is the first evening, since my arrival in this city, that I have had at my own disposal.' Werner seated himself near to her, and inquired what book she was reading. 'Do you not recognise it?' said Henrietta. 'To you am I indebted for it, or, rather, to do I owe your friendship.' 'Schiller!' exclaimed the young man. 'Yes; and, believe me, I esteem the book not only for its intrinsic merit, but perhaps still more from the circumstances under which I first read it. That day will never be erased from my memory, when, having alighted from my carriage to proceed down the hill on foot, and admiring the beautiful valley and landscape extended before me, I saw this volume on the ground; and, with a natural curiosity, picked it up, under the conviction that it had been left there by some traveller. What was my surprise, when, on turning round, I beheld you at my side!—what must you have thought of me!' and she endeavoured, by averting her face, to conceal her confusion. 'I

was delighted,' said Werner, 'that my favourite author should please you. It was the happiest day of my life; it afforded me an opportunity of escorting you to the neighbouring village, and we were by that time perfectly known to each other.'

The conversation was thus insensibly prolonged; the time and place induced mutual confidence; and Werner ventured to address a few observations to Henrietta, as to the danger of the profession which she had adopted. Her reply was, that, having to provide for her brothers and sisters, she was compelled to sacrifice her own comfort to their well-being. Struck with this noble answer, Werner paced up and down the room for some time; then suddenly stopping before her: 'You must be extricated from this situation, Henrietta; will you become my wife?' She made no reply, but burst into tears, and her fair head fell reclining on her lover's arm; and, from that time, she constantly in their *tête-à-tête* made use of the familiar and endearing expressions which are commonly used by persons betrothed.

Werner's eloquence soon prevailed over the force of Mademoiselle Sontag's habits, and she decided upon quitting the stage. He writes to his father to obtain his consent to his marriage with the accomplished Henrietta; the father refuses, and disinherits his son. Werner still persists, however, in his intention; he proposes endeavouring to obtain the situation of Professor of Music at the University of Berlin; and Henrietta, on her part, is to give a farewell concert, as the remaining means of existence for herself and family.

The Concert is announced, and tickets are taken by every body. Among the rest, an Ambassador, who had arrived the previous evening at Berlin, and had not been able to procure one, addresses himself, as a last resource, to Henrietta, where he is equally unsuccessful. 'Must I then,' said the Count K., 'renounce all hope of listening to a prodigy, of whom I have heard so much?' 'I know but one way,' said Henrietta, smiling, 'to repair so great an evil, which is, to allow me the pleasure of singing before you now.' She sang; the Count was delighted, and, pressing her hand as he departed, he placed on her finger a magnificent ring, and left her.

The Concert takes place, and is thus described:

'The evening came, and the Concert was full and brilliant. A celebrated artist who was present, addressed Henrietta from the orchestra, and poured forth, with true feeling, his regret that this ornament of the arts would henceforth shine but for a small circle. At every piece that she sang, the room rang with applause; and, when at last she took leave, roses and myrtles were showered on her path from the boxes, an intimation that the cause of her quitting the stage was understood. There was, in this last mark of interest, something that spoke deeply to her heart: with tears in her eyes, she returned her thanks for such a reception, while a feeling of sadness crossed her mind, at the thought that she was now, as it were, for ever abandoning the temple of the arts, of which she had become a worthy priestess; and, whatever might be the happiness a peaceful home promised to her, still it must be bought by this sacrifice.'

Werner conducted her to her carriage, and drove home with her; as soon as they entered, they threw themselves into each other's arms. 'Now,' exclaimed Henrietta, 'now I am at last home.' After a time Werner spoke in a voice of deep emotion, 'Henrietta, whom think you I saw at the concert?' and he continued, as she looked at him with an inquiring glance, 'My father; I will see him to-morrow morning early, and then tell you what effect my persuasions and your looks have had upon him.' The lovers separated with high hopes, for they could not look upon it as a bad sign, that Werner's father should have been present at the concert.

'Early next morning, a clergyman named Walter was announced to Henrietta; a venerable old man, with silvery locks, entered; he addressed her with an open confidence: "My request," said he, "is quickly spoken, and as quickly granted or rejected; yesterday you reaped a rich harvest, your looks speak of benevolence and kindness, and, perhaps, happiness has softened your heart—I come to ask your succour for a

wretched family. A mother, whose youth has seen wealth and happiness, and who has been nursed in brighter prospects, languishes in misery, with three children. Her husband was, but the other day, cast into prison, for debts which misfortune has brought on him; a few hundred dollars would restore him to his family, but they are difficult to be procured, and, in the mean time, want and misery hang over the heads of the father, the wife, and their children. Would you desire to perform a good action, and shorten the days of suffering of this family? It is even for this I have come to you, and trust to your generosity." Henrietta was deeply moved by the simple narrative of the worthy old man; she asked with an agitated voice, "What is the amount of his debt?" "Two hundred dollars; and, it may be, another hundred to satisfy the pressing wants of the family, and put the father in a condition to support them by his own exertions, of which he will not be sparing." "My God," cried Henrietta, "had then this man so few friends, that for so paltry a sum he must endure such misery?" With these words, she flew to her desk, and, taking out three hundred dollars, she gave them to the clergyman with these words: "Take them, father, heaven has bestowed on me such abundance, that, even after giving away this trifle, I shall be richer than I had ever hoped. I entreat of you, take the money and fly to their assistance." The old man seized her hand, and pressed it fervently to his lips: "God will reward you for this," he said, with glistening eyes; "believe me, my child, God will reward you." There was a prophetic tone in his voice, that struck Henrietta; she accompanied him to the door, and returned with a light heart to her apartment.'

A few minutes after, the Count K. entered; he came in the name of the Duke, his master, to propose a private marriage, which Henrietta refused. 'The Grand Duke expected such an answer,' said the Ambassador; 'but, if his occupation of the throne is an obstacle to his union with Henrietta, he will resign the government of his state to his brother, become a simple citizen, and then sue for a happiness which the sceptre prevents his obtaining.' One word from Henrietta would have exalted her to the rank of Duchess. 'Had you a throne itself to offer me,' she replied to the Ambassador, 'I should decline your proposal; I am engaged to a young man, who, like myself, is an artist; we love each other, and no other man shall ever become my husband.' 'Noble and generous woman!' said the Count, receiving her in his arms, 'you shall be my daughter.' At that moment the door was suddenly thrown open, and Werner threw himself at his father's feet.

According to the German edition of this little novel, Henrietta and her lover were, that same evening, united in the Count's private chapel, by the same divine who, in the morning, had obtained from her the relief which he implored for a distressed family. But, according to a postscriptum, appended to the translation of this work, lately published at Paris, Mlle. Sontag was doomed to experience a more severe disappointment than any she had hitherto suffered. It appears that the Count, desirous of ascertaining whether the attachment of the young couple was likely to prove constant, stipulated that Henrietta should absent herself for some time previous to their marriage. She accordingly proceeded to Paris, and it is probably to this circumstance that we are indebted for the pleasure of seeing her in England.

These memoirs of Mademoiselle Sontag, for the authenticity of which, however, we will not vouch, have obtained, both in France and Germany, the most flattering reception; and, although they possess little elegance of style to recommend them, though the characters are described rather as caricatures than portraits, and though there is some unnecessary ridicule thrown on a member of our peerage, we entertain but little doubt that the English translation, which, we understand, is preparing for the press, will be read with lively interest by the inquisitive, as well as the fashionable classes, of the three kingdoms. It will, at least, enable them to form some opinion of the personal attractions and talents of this

lovely actress, whom we have endeavoured to pourtray, from the descriptions contained in this small volume, as well as from our own recollections, assisted by some information contained in memoirs ascribed to Rossini, and published in the last number of 'Le Furet de Londres.'

SECRET THOUGHTS OF KINGS.

[From an unpublished Manuscript bequeathed by Frederick the Great, to his Royal Nephew, Frederick William the Third.]

Introduction.

WHEN Anthony of Cryna counselled Charles the Fifth gradually to rid himself of the petty Italian sovereigns, and monopolise their domains, the prince made answer, that 'his conscience stood in the way.' 'Pshaw! give your conscience to the winds,' replied the politician; 'if your Majesty have a conscience, it is idle for your Majesty to dream of being Emperor.'

Charles gave many a proof, in after life, of the diligence with which he took this advice to heart, and eradicated the noxious and encumbering word, 'Conscience,' from the catalogue of his motives. Much of the efficacy of counsel, however, will always depend upon the terms in which it is conveyed; though it would be foreign to our present purpose to stop and discuss the results which might have followed upon the hint, had the scruples of the young monarch been alarmed by the plainer and sterner language, which would have told him, that glory is too commonly the grave of honour, and honour rarely the road to fame.

It would prove a curious task to inquire by what rare chance it happened, that the education of this prince had left him any moral scruples whatever to deal with. Judging by the redundant exploits of his fellow-potentates, from Jezebel's consort down to the present Autocrat of the North, even the uninitiated might be warranted in concluding, that nations were made for princes, and not princes for nations! Yet stand they not without excuse; for, if, to the natural infirmity of human nature, we add the melancholy temptations which beset the stripling heirs of thrones,—the vitiating voice of sycophancy, the ready means which offer themselves for the gratification of their desires, the foul enticements laid in their way by those who aspire to rule over the debilitated mind of their manhood, and the base and artful misguidance of companions, versed in all the viles and effrontery of courts,—it is truly wonderful, not that the race of kings should afford us so many lessons of exalted depravity, but that it should present us with the example of so many individuals underserving of the blame or execration of after ages.

It is happy for nations, as well as individuals, that good should so constantly be elicited from evil. Our own country, probably, owes no small portion of the blessings of its Protestant independence to the gloomy prejudices, imbibed in her early years, by the bigoted daughter of Catherine of Arragon. The lessons of Vives, and the wily Linares, implanted in her breast that obstinate devotion to the See of Rome, out of which arose her sanction of the atrocities perpetrated on men, who were idolised by the nation for their virtues and talents,—atrocities, so soul-stirring, sanguinary, and disgusting, as to have eminently conducted to prevent a relapse into the errors of Papism, whilst they whetted the age of men's newly-adopted opinions on the steel of religious persecution.

Holland also stands mainly indebted for the achievements of her independence, both political and ecclesiastical, to the lessons in worldly wisdom, which the youthful Prince of Orange derived from confidential intercourse with the talented Charles the Fifth. Little could that despot have anticipated the practical appliance of those lessons to the establishment of a power, formed, in an essential degree by the aptitude of his scho-

lar, out Philip's been d flowed magnan been e tious co It w right tue, an So long instrum kings, with si caprice Nor is of the tine pr thousa with e nature before Plato. Befo "Roya shall oursel who r sert. nothing of the where party people mona gislato an inf esteen profit sheph flock inclen good sake When stron foot, temp scater empl attain spare and i der b thing to co stron enou to do howe he w man have king dom epit into the his E the and the con cum shri P how tici

lar, out of the ruins of the richest portion of Philip's imperial inheritance. Yet history has been deficient in revealing the source whence flowed the generous patriotism and self-denying magnanimity of a prince, whose mind had so long been exposed to the influence of the most ambitious court in Christendom.

It would be vain to expect that 'the divine right of kings,' that noxious bane of princely virtue, should ever be suffered to sink into abeyance. So long as monarchy exists, it will ever form an instrument grateful in its sound to the ears of kings, and, therefore, capable of being applied, with sinister efficacy, to the steerage of their caprices, by perfidious and designing counsellors. Nor is this right otherwise than a regal offspring of the 'privilege of the strongest.' The Florentine prince of politicians may have illustrated the thousand modes of reducing this right to practice with elaborate and deplorable sagacity; but its nature and tendency had been developed long before his times in the neglected 'Republic of Plato.'

Before we approach the repast afforded by the 'Royal Mornings' of the Prussian Machiavel, we shall derive additional relish for it by amusing ourselves awhile with the reveries of the Academic, who makes Thrasymach, the sophist, boldly assert, 'that what the world deems "right," is nothing more nor less than the "pre-eminence of the stronger."' 'Laws,' says he, 'are every where concocted according to the will of the party in power; in democracies, they favour the people; in aristocracies, the nobility; and in monarchies, the prince. In every country, legislators chastise disobedience to their wills, as an infringement of the rule of right; hence they esteem that alone as right, which turns to their profit. Dost thou seriously conceive, that the shepherd who takes the trouble of driving his flock to the pasture, and exposes himself to every inclemency of the seasons, does it for the *sheep's* good? No! no! my friend; he does it for the sake of the *wool*. It is the same with rulers. When the weaker sacrifices himself for the stronger, and the stronger treads the weaker under foot, both of them act under compulsion. Contemplate, for instance, a tyrant, a despot, firmly seated on his throne; he feels no hesitation in employing force, as well as artifice, in order to attain his end. He robs others of their property,—spares neither what is sacred nor what is profane, and is equally regardless as to whether the plunder belongs to the state or the individual. Every thing depends upon his being *fortunate* enough to conceal his crimes from the world's eye, or *strong* enough to set its opinion at defiance; *bold* enough to stick at nothing, and *prudent* enough to do nought by halves. It must be remembered, however, that, where these supports are wanting, he will be spit upon as a pickpocket or highwayman, and, at last, come to the gallows. But if he have bravely subdued a mighty state, conquered kingdoms, and brought whole nations under his dominion, then, friend Socrates, those odious epithets sink into oblivion, and are metamorphosed into high-sounding and honourable titles, whilst the whole world, wrapt in admiration, applauds his splendid transgressions.'

Every succeeding age has lent its attestation to the fidelity of this melancholy picture: the prince and the usurper, the conqueror and the conquered, the monarchist and the republican, have each continued to swim with the tide of earthly circumstances, and to bow their necks before the shrine of those, who

—'must be titled Gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
Worship with temple, priest and sacrifice;
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,
Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd.'

Before we throw open the royal page, it behoves us to produce some warrant of its authenticity: and the reader must not, therefore, find

fault with us, if, in so wise and sceptical an age, when it is become more than ever necessary for the journalist to 'look before he leaps,' we add a tail to the preface contained in our preceding columns.

The world cannot have forgotten the existence of a certain pseudo-hermaphrodite, yclept the 'Chevalier d'Eon de Beaumont.' To what class or species this singular being appertained, there would be less difficulty in determining, than to what sex of the human genus its body-corporate assigned it: suffice it for our present purpose to observe, that it was an individual of our kind, so rich in mind, experience, and worldly attainments, that its society was as much courted by valued friends of ours, as was that of the shaggy Mephistofeles by the wondering Faust. It had chosen for itself, at a more advanced period of life, the exclusive use of female attire; which, in former years, was doffed to reassume the habiliments of the nobler sex, whenever the occasion permitted it.

To drop, however, the tone of mystery, it is well known that no petticoat dangled from the waist of Auguste-André-Timothee d'Eon, when, as an urchin of six years, he was comfortably housed under his aunt's roof at Paris: as a boy of fourteen, he quietly prosecuted his studies at the College Mazarin; and, as a full-grown youth, he rapidly passed from the Doctorship of Civil, to that of Canon Laws, and thence to the dignity of 'Avocat du Parlement.' The first occasion of his slide from the shelf of *man-hood*, dates from the circumstance of his being employed, through the influence of his patron, the prince de Conti, as a spy upon the suspected malpractices of the then French ambassador at St. Petersburg; whence he returned to France, and appeared again in 'all the dignity of man's estate.'

The address and talent he had displayed on this delicate mission proved so acceptable and advantageous to the views of Louis the Fifteenth's Ministry, that he was similarly employed in secret embassies to the Courts of Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and London, in which last capital he contrived so effectually to ingratiate himself with the British Monarch, that he was sent by him to Paris, in 1762, with the ratification of the treaty of peace between England and France. When the Duke de Nivernois quitted London, where he had discharged the functions of Ambassador-Extraordinary, the Chevalier replaced him in the character of Minister-Plenipotentiary, and some months afterwards resigned his post to the Comte de Grierchy. With this nobleman he had subsequently so serious a misunderstanding, that he was impelled to publish a volume, containing all the letters, circumstances, and secret negotiations, which had occurred during his mission, and seriously implicating the Dukes de Choiseul and de Praslin, and Madame de Pompadour, the French King's mistress, as well as the depositary of his power and influence. His return to France was now rendered impossible; but he had the good fortune to find, in the French Sovereign himself, a secret friend, who well knew him to be one of the most dexterous and successful agents his 'Secret Police' had ever employed, and settled upon him a pension of 12,000 livres:—'In consequence,' wrote Louis under his own hand, 'of the services which the Sieur d'Eon has rendered me both in Russia and with my armies, as also in consideration of other commissions I have intrusted to him.' This pension the Chevalier continued to enjoy until the breaking out of the French Revolution.

It will naturally be asked, What all this can have to do with the 'Royal Mornings?' and we reply, 'Nothing more nor less, gentle reader, than, in the first place, to account to thee for the means by which we became possessed of pages never designed to meet the public eye; and, in the second, for the opportunity which the Chevalier enjoyed of obtaining this and many another

curious document, from the Department of Secret Police at Paris.'

But we have done both with the person and the sex, on which, by the way, his living executor is capable of throwing unequivocal light, and now proceed to open the pages of the 'Matinées Royales,' which Frederick the Great bequeathed and dedicated to the edification of his ignoble nephew, Frederic William the Third.

'Of Religion.

'Religion is absolutely necessary to a state. This is an axiom which we should be fools to dispute. The sovereign, who allows his subjects to abuse religion, is a mere dolt; and, if he possess any himself, is no better. Listen well to what I say, my dear nephew; there is no greater tyrant over the mind and heart than religion, for she does not harmonise with our passions, nor with the enlarged views of policy which a sovereign ought to entertain. The only true religion a prince can know, is his own interest and glory. His position ought to dispense with his following any other. He may, however, be permitted to maintain its appearance on occasion, by way of amusing those who observe and surround him.'

If he fear God, or, more properly speaking, the language of priests and women,—if he fear the devil, like Louis the XIVth., in his old age, he becomes feeble and puerile; he is worthy of the Capuchin's cowl. Is it an object to take advantage of a favourable opportunity and seize upon a neighbour's territory? An army of devils start up before you to prevent your purpose: we are weak enough to believe that we should be guilty of injustice, and take measure with our own hands of the punishment consequent upon our transgression. Still I do not mean to say, that we should make a display of impiety and atheism; though it is necessary we should think in accordance with the rank we hold. All the popes, who possessed common sense, cherished those religious principles which squared with their aggrandisement. It would be the acmé of folly, were a prince to give way to petty miseries, which are only designed for the common herd.

'Of Justice.

'We as much owe justice to our subjects, as they owe respect to us. By this I mean, my dear nephew, that we must administer justice to mankind, and especially to our subjects, so long as it does not injure our rights, or prejudice our authority; for no comparison must be allowed between the rights of the sovereign, and those of the subject or slave. Be just and firm, whenever you are called upon to judge and determine any contest between one of your subjects and another. This is the only conduct by which you can acquire their adoration. But take especial care that such justice do not unthrone you. Figure to yourself Charles I., who was brought to the scaffold by that very measure of justice which the public voice is constantly bellowing after. * * * I have often reflected on the benefits which may accrue to a state, from the institution of a legislative body, whereby the whole nation is represented, and wherein the laws enjoy a depositary. I am even disposed to believe, that a King is safer in his seat when he originates or preserves such an institution; but he must be a man of a benevolent character, and replete with good principles, if he be liable to have his actions sifted every day. But the Prince who is endowed with ambition, must renounce any such an establishment; I should have done nothing, had my hands been tied. It is possible I may pass with posterity for being a just king; but I shall be denied the appellation of a hero. A constitutional sovereign is more commonly exposed to the vicissitudes of fortune than a despot; but then, a despot is required to be active, enlightened, and firm. More virtues are necessary to confer splendour on the despotic than on the monarchical state. The courtier flatters the latter, caresses his vices, and deceives him; the slave throws himself at the

despot's feet, humbles himself to degradation, and enlightens him. For these reasons, it is more advantageous to a great mind to reign despotically, but more prejudicial to a nation to live under despotic sway.

Of Politics.

As it is agreed, by common consent, that it is ignominious and villainous to cheat one's neighbour, men have sought out a term which might soften down the thing, and have pitched upon the word 'politics' as most apt for the occasion. Be this as it may, I will tell you what are my own ideas of politics. According to my apprehension, my dear nephew, this word 'politics' implies that we must be constantly on the look-out to dupe our fellow-creatures; this is the means of getting the advantage of them, or, at least, of being upon an equal footing with the rest of mankind. For, you may rest assured, that every state in the world runs along the same beat, and that this is the hidden motive which sways the whole human race, whether great or small. Starting upon this principle, you need not blush to contract alliances, and appropriate the whole benefit of them to your own emolument. Be wary not to commit the unpardonable mistake of not abandoning them, whenever your interest dictates; and most especially, you should vigorously follow up the maxim that 'to plunder your neighbours is to deprive them of the means of injuring you.' * * * * * We may divide this subject into 'State Politics' and 'Private Politics.' The first has a reference to none but the great interests of the kingdom; the latter, to the private interests of the sovereign.

EIGHT DAYS AT BRIGHTON—BY A FOREIGNER OF DISTINCTION.

[Concluded.]

In the tea-room contiguous to the ball-room, (described in my last,) I found almost all my acquaintance, and was introduced to new ones, which contributed greatly to enhance the pleasure the evening afforded me.

To enjoy a ball, in any country, one should dance, and, in England, it is indispensable to do so. Here no gentleman must presume to speak a word to a lady, to whom he has not been introduced, and it is only a waltz or a quadrille, that gives one any chance of entering into conversation with the young ladies. I readily availed myself of this medium of introduction; for dancing now-a-days is merely graceful walking, and nothing like the violent exercise it once was. Several young ladies were successively introduced to me as partners, and among the number was the accomplished Miss S—th: I soon discovered that Mrs. Concannon had not over-rated her merits. Her conversation is marked by all the intelligence and animation expressed in her pretty face, where beauty is heightened by the charm of unvarying sweetness of temper. We spoke of France, where she had been educated, and of several of her young friends, whom I also knew. This sympathy of recollection soon made us acquainted. When the quadrille was ended, I conducted her to her aunt, to whom she introduced me. Years have made but little change in the fine features of Mrs. F—b—rt, whose countenance is the mirror of that elevated mind, which has been so forcibly developed in some passages of her life. We talked of Brighton, a place to which she is much attached, and which I praised in all the sincerity of my gratitude for the pleasure I had enjoyed in it. Beside her were seated Colonel D—on and his lady; the latter is, I believe, a relation of Mrs. F—b—rt. They informed me, that they intended in a few days to leave Brighton for France, and the flattering encomiums they were pleased to bestow upon my country were not a little gratifying to me.

Happiness and pleasure are a temporary renewal of youth. I danced till two in the morning,

and I have seldom known time to slip so rapidly away. In the course of the evening, I was introduced to Miss Wy—m. Her mother, who is a native of Poland, was long ago acquainted with my friend M. Wolicki, who has often spoken to me of his interesting countrywoman. Every thing connected with Poland revives in my mind so many delightful associations, that I could not refrain from requesting Miss Wy—am to obtain her mother's permission that I might call upon her next day. The young lady assured me that her mother would be exceedingly glad to see me.

Mr. Charles Th—on, with whom I had renewed acquaintance, introduced me to a lady, (Mrs. W—er,) whose husband possesses a fine estate at some distance from Brighton. Mrs. W—er requested that I would accompany Mr. Th—on, who had promised to sup with her. This was an invitation which could not easily be resisted, and especially as Sir Robert and most of my friends had already left the ball. I therefore gladly acceded to the proposition, and we proceeded to the Steyne Hotel, where Mrs. W—er lodged. The supper was no less agreeable than the ball, and it formed a very appropriate conclusion to the evening's entertainments. Mrs. W—er gave us an invitation to spend a few days at her residence. 'We sometimes act plays,' said she, 'a sort of amusement which is becoming fashionable in England; for we now enter perfectly into the spirit of that which you call in France, *la vie de château*.' We then made a comparative estimate of the pleasures of rural retirement in different countries; and I promised to give Mrs. W—er my sincere opinion of fashionable rustication in England, of which her kind invitation would afford me a favourable opportunity of judging.

During my short residence at Brighton, the many happy accidents which fate contrived for me, multiplied, in an incalculable degree, the pleasure which I had reason to anticipate. One of these lucky chances was my introduction to Miss Wy—am. On the morning after the ball, I lost no time in paying a visit to her mother. On entering, I observed on the table some of my works on Poland, which might have afforded me an introduction similar to that which Sterne obtained at Versailles; but prepossessed by all the kindness I had experienced in the native-land of Mrs. Wy—am, and with the confidence naturally inspired by the recollection of benefits received, I sent in my name without hesitation, and was immediately introduced to the lady.

There are few pleasures greater than that which is derived from seeing persons or things whose presence revives recollections of past happiness. I spent the morning of my life in the native country of Mrs. Wy—am, which is endeared to me by all the ties of early friendship and love. But to my strong prepossession in favour of every thing connected with Poland, I must by no means attribute the gratification I enjoyed in the agreeable conversation of Mrs. Wy—am. She introduced me to Mr. W. Wy—am, brother to Lord Eg—ont, whose various diplomatic missions to foreign Courts have rendered him almost a citizen of the world; and our conversation was animated by his interesting recollections. Of the charming Miss Wy—am, I may observe that the form and features she has inherited from her father and mother present a combination of Polish and English beauty, approximating closely to the *beau idéal*. We spoke of our mutual friend, M. Wolicki, whose life has been devoted to his country's welfare. This naturally drew forth eulogiums on him, and reflections on the present state of Poland. Whenever the Poles speak of the independence of their country, they become animated by the most enthusiastic feeling of patriotism, and they seem to be gifted by a sort of national eloquence; but, alas! the Poles have a birth-place, but no country.

Gratifying as was my visit to Mrs. Wy—am,

other engagements prevented me from prolonging it. I, therefore, took leave of the lady, requesting, that, as her countryman, I might take the liberty of calling upon her again. 'I thought, Sir,' said she, 'that you were a Frenchman.' 'True, Madam,' I replied, 'I am a native of France. One's birth-place is a matter of accident; but, when we make choice of a country as a place of residence, it is a proof that we know how to appreciate its advantages. To the attachment I have always expressed for Poland, both verbally and in my writings, I am, no doubt, indebted for the act of naturalisation with which your senate honoured me.' 'That was rather an unusual thing, Sir,' 'And it is a distinction, Madam, of which I shall be the more proud, if it be the means of procuring for me the favour of repeating my visit here.'

Mrs. Wy—am possesses all the good-natured politeness for which her countrywomen are distinguished; and with the assurance that I should henceforth be received as the friend of M. Wolicki, I took leave of the family, after having enjoyed all that pleasurable feeling which arises from the sympathy of recollections and impressions.

I had now enjoyed the invigorating air of Brighton for more than a week, during which I had been most agreeably occupied. Free from the cares of business, and wholly devoted to pleasure, I enjoyed, in all its plenitude, that happy state of mind which arises from the union of idleness and meditation, recollection and forgetfulness, which gives to days the rapidity of moments, and to moments the value of ages. Letters which I received from London, however, reminded me of the object of my journey, and of the necessity of repairing to town as speedily as possible. I, therefore, prepared to take leave of all my new and interesting acquaintances. I had nothing but thanks to offer, and these I rendered personally to most of the kind friends from whom I had received so much attention during my stay at Brighton. And to those whom I could not see I wrote notes, expressing my gratitude, and the hope of seeing them soon in London.

On my return to the hotel, Sir Charles —, on hearing that I had ordered a post-chaise for my journey to town, said, 'If you are not in a very great hurry, you would do well to postpone your departure until to-morrow, when you may go by the stage, which starts every morning for London; and, as I know you are an observing traveller, you will have an opportunity of judging of the superiority of our public conveyances compared with those of the continent.' I thanked him for his suggestion, and immediately sent to take a place in the *Tally-ho* coach, which was to start next morning at ten o'clock, and was to perform the journey to town, (fifty-two miles,) in less than six hours.

On the following morning, having breakfasted like a traveller, taken leave of Sir Charles, and thanked Mrs. Briery, the landlady of the Gloucester Hotel, for all the attention I had received from her, I got into the stage, whose lightness, elegance, and, above all, the four fine horses by which it was drawn, would have rendered it a splendid state-carriage for a German Margrave.

As the coach rolled along the smooth roads of the county of Sussex, I thought on the eight agreeable days which I had spent at Brighton, and which seemed to have passed away like a dream. I opened my travelling album, which contained some sketches of Brighton, and remarks on the persons whom I had met there; and, full of grateful recollection, I began to trace, in the form of a farewell, those feelings of regret which I could not suppress on my departure, when my only companion in the coach, a gentleman of prepossessing appearance and manners, addressing me in French, inquired how I liked Brighton. 'So well, Sir,' I replied, 'that I shall never forget it; and, yielding to the communicative disposition of my countrymen, which, unfortunately,

is not always controlled by prudence, I entered into some details on persons, places, and things, adding, that, to preserve the recollection of what I had seen, I intended to carry home with me my written observations, and some sketches, which I showed him in my album. 'I presume, then, Sir,' said the gentleman, 'that you intend publishing your manuscript in London, where it will, no doubt, be read with considerable interest.'—'There are several obstacles to such a design, Sir,' I replied. 'In the first place, I am not able to write English.' 'Oh! that objection might be easily removed,' said he, 'for publications are now constantly translated from the one language to the other. We seem to be convinced of the truth of Madame de Staël's observation, that genius of any kind whatever is so rare a phenomenon, that, if every modern nation were reduced to its own treasures, it would be but poor.' 'I am not vain enough to suppose, Sir, that any production of mine can add to the treasures of your country. Besides, I have a still more solid objection. I can speak only in terms of admiration of all that I have seen in England, and the repetition of praise, however varied in its form, becomes, at last, tedious and monotonous. However, I acknowledge that I love to praise when I can do so with sincerity.' 'Let not that consideration have any weight, Sir; very few of your countrymen who have travelled in England have given us any reason to complain of their extravagant compliments. Your remarks will, therefore, have the recommendation of an agreeable contrast to those which had preceded them. Your celebrated critic says—

'Tous les genres sont bons hors le genre ennuyeux.' Besides, if among your anecdotes and observations you here and there introduce a striking portrait, though it should be somewhat flattered, the originals will not be inclined to find fault with the high colouring, or the favourable light, in which it is shown off. But is it possible, that, in all the pages you have written, there is not a single satirical stroke, nor a sprinkling of attic salt, to afford the reader a relish?' 'There is not, I assure you, Sir. I am certainly aware, that the writer who steeps his pen in the gall of satire and ridicule will always be read with avidity. Malignant insinuations are sure to be readily listened to and believed, and in such matters the world is ever willing to adopt probability as certainty. However, I have described only the sincere impression of my feelings. I found the air of Brighton pure and invigorating, the baths and springs salubrious, the situation of the town picturesque, its buildings elegant, its public establishments excellently conducted; in short, every thing I saw, even the Gloucester Hotel, at which I put up, is deserving of praise.' 'But what do you say of the English ladies?' 'Of most of them I have said, that only the chisel of Chantrey, the pencil of Lawrence, or the lyric genius of Moore or Campbell, can do justice to their charms.' 'Perhaps, Sir, those who always praise them, do not know them well; those who always dispraise them, do not know them at all. But you will doubtless describe the seats, the monuments,' &c. 'Very little of that, Sir; for I have observed that such descriptions pass off very well on the spot, because the momentary impression gives value to every thing that is said; but that which is good to hear, is not always good to repeat. For instance, how absurd would it be, were I to repeat the judicious observations lately made to me by my learned friend Mr. Wilkinson, at Brighton; were I to incorporate in my sketches erudite dissertations on the ancient name of Brighthelmston, which usage has abbreviated, and the origin of which is referred to Brighthelm, a Saxon Bishop, who founded the town, in the first ages of Christianity in this country,—on the ruins of a Castle built in 1593, in the reign of Henry VIII.,—on the fortifications erected by order of Elizabeth,—on the Earl of Kent, Lord of Brighton, who was killed

in the battle of Hastings;—or, going still farther back, on the occupation of the Romans, rendered evident by the traces of their camp, and by medals occasionally dug up. Most assuredly I should be told that this display of research and antiquarian lore was very much out of place, and I should be called upon for details of a more modern character, and better suited to the taste of the present generation—of such persons as fly from London to Brighton to escape from the cares of business or other anxieties. People wish to be informed of things belonging to the world in which they live; as, when the coaches arrive and depart; what time the journey occupies; when the military band collects, on the Steine, all the beauty of Brighton, from the Duchess to the dress-maker; when the races take place; what new song Miss Corri sings in Tuppens's Library. The epicure will desire to know how and where he can find what most gratifies his palate; the fashionable belle when she ought to promenade on the Cliff; the sportsman, when and where the hounds are turned out. These, as I have already observed, are the particulars which would give most satisfaction to those who are attracted to Brighton by the pursuit of pleasure, or the wish of a few days' relaxation.'

'But you might at least highly gratify curiosity, by describing domestic scenes, by painting the interior of families.' 'To do that, Sir, it would be necessary to enter domestic circles at all hours and without any restraint; but, in this country, politeness does not carry you the length of that heroic submission to *ennui*, which, in France, induces us to endure the visits of persons who are quite uncongenial to our tastes. However, I know well that this reserve is far from being founded in egotism, and that conviction makes me always speak with gratitude of friends who have, on my account, diverted from their general rules.' 'Then, to give life to your pictures, you may introduce some historical episode; for that would perfectly accord with the public taste.' 'But how could I venture on such a course in England? That is a field which your Scottish Bard has reaped so well, that he has left no gleanings. Besides, who shall pretend to imitate that warmth of style, that dramatic truth, with which he depicts places and persons, and makes his readers always present in the scenes he describes. Vain, I repeat, would be the attempt. What confidence, too, must not one possess to encounter the criticism of your Reviews, which bestow their approbation only on real talent, and which never fail to expose ignorance and self-conceit. You see, then, that, all things considered, it will be a wiser plan for me to keep my scraps from the light than to incur the risk of a result which might render very applicable Seneca's maxim:

'Cæca est temeritas quæ petit casum ducem.'

'Allow me, Sir, to judge less severely than you do of yourself, and even to differ in opinion, so much that I declare I shall take pleasure in publishing your manuscript, if you will entrust me with it. I am a London bookseller, and the publisher of a great number of works; and I should like to include yours in the catalogue of my novelties for the present year, under the title of "Eight Days in Brighton."'

'It would certainly, Sir, be difficult for an author to refuse his assent to a proposition at once so gratifying to his taste and his self-love. I shall, therefore, accept your offer, under the condition that you do not publish the manuscript until I have left England, because eulogy ought to come from a distance to stamp it with all the truth of the sentiment which has dictated it;—and, finally, that you give, as a motto to the whole, the happily expressed sentiment of the Chevalier de Boufflers:

'Tout ce qui vient du cœur n'est pas de la flatterie;—les flatteurs n'en ont pas.'

I had just uttered these words, when the coach stopped at the inn, where we were to dine.—'I approve of your conditions,' said my fellow-traveller.

'and I hope you will consent to take a glass over our bargain.' 'With all my heart,' said I, entering the Inn. We dined, drank a bottle of Bucellas, and paid our reckoning in less time than it would take a Westphalian postilion to alight from his horse, light his pipe, and replace himself in his saddle.

On returning to the coach, I found the opportunity so favourable for conversing on English literature, and acquiring information respecting the true rank of literary reputations in this country, that I constantly interrogated, and my obliging companion always readily answered. He discoursed most judiciously and impartially on subjects with which experience and practice had rendered him familiar. He praised without flattery, and censured without severity. He made many pointed remarks, and introduced many lively traits, in drawing the portraits of modern writers; many of whom he had discovered and fostered, and whose merit he was always ready to encourage. In this way, before the end of our journey, I was made acquainted with the numerical value of the talent of the greater part of English writers, from the Scotts and the Byrons to the compilers of pamphlets; but, as every thing here assumes the character of extensive speculation, I perceived that, even in literature, nothing was done on a low or contracted scale; at least, if I might judge from the character of my fellow-traveller, who looked at great literary enterprises as Rothschild does at loans.

While conversing, we arrived at the Elephant and Castle, whence hundreds of coaches daily depart for different parts of England. 'This inn,' said my obliging companion, might, in the book-selling language, be called the preface to the great book, which it precedes. Here all the coaches stop, before they take their respective directions to the different parts of the town; here the passengers also separate, and take one of the roads, leading to the principal chapters of this magnificent folio. That one leads to the City, the Chapter of Receipts; [this, to the West-end, which is the Chapter of Expenditure. May I ask you, Sir, which way you are going?'] 'To Jauny's hotel in Leicester Square,' I replied. 'In that case I must leave you; for, though I live in that part of the town, business now calls me to the City, whither one of those coaches will convey me. But here is my address, and I shall be much gratified if you will bring me your work as soon as possible.'

FINE ARTS.

Designs for Public and Private Buildings. By John Soane, Professor of Architecture in the Royal Academy, &c. F.R.S., R.A., F.S.A. Fol. Priestley and Wenle. London, 1828.

GENIUS, under whatever circumstances it shows itself, must command admiration. Associated though it be with a thousand eccentricities, the moment it displays itself, every feeling of ridicule, of compassion, or disgust at the extravagances which accompany it, gives place to the respect it extorts. We feel an interest in its career, we own its superiority, and bow to its power, whenever it bursts forth from the clouds that obscure it. Of this remark we have, in the person of Mr. Soane, a living illustration, attested by the work before us. It holds him forth to us, although at an advanced age, still fired with passion for his art, burning with all the ardour of youth in its cause, asserting its excellence over all others, munificently patronising it, enriching it with a thousand new inventions, boldly standing up against the censures, just or unjust, (and he has been subject to both,) which have been passed upon his works, and to which he has shown himself more than ordinarily alive, and struggling against the presumptuous interference of those whom worldly influence and power raise to pretensions which should be the peculiar prerogatives of knowledge and taste.

The talents of Mr. Soane have placed him deservedly in the highest rank of his profession; but he has, moreover, carried his perseverance in the study of it farther than any other architect of his day, and to this

he is indebted for his decided pre-eminence. He had the advantage of being initiated by a really talented architect and a true artist—Mr. Dance. He afterwards studied in Italy; and, on his return to England, met with extensive patronage. His early works evince genius, and have the advantage of not being remarkable for any particular manner or extravagant character; and it was some years before he indulged in those extraordinary flights, which all his later works exhibit. He afterwards struck out into a style peculiarly his own; and, faulty and ridiculous as that style undoubtedly deserves to be considered, it still displays so many pleasing inventions, such playfulness of fancy, and so many real master-strokes of genius, that wonder and admiration almost disarm criticism of its just severity. Still we cannot blind ourselves to the excessive mannerism, to the affectation and quackery (or faults very like them), which pervade all the works of Mr. Soane, and are equally recognisable in his designs, his details, his drawings, his lectures, and his letter-press in its every line, to a degree of offensiveness which, if it may be palliated, cannot be excused, by the earnestness and real love for his profession which appear in connexion with them. With these preliminary observations, we proceed to notice Mr. Soane's designs.

The two first plates furnish us with ideas for entrances to the metropolis and parks. These designs are full of merit, and have a most triumphal effect. We regret that they were not executed: the erections that have been raised on the site for which they were intended, are far inferior; although the design of these seems to have been borrowed, in some measure, from that of Mr. Soane. It is, indeed, curious to observe, how completely the motive of some part of these new ornaments of the metropolis, (we allude more particularly to the entrance to Hyde Park, with its screen of columns,) resembles that of the designs now before us. We lament that the plates are so badly executed. Mr. Soane seems to have mistaken slovenliness for a sketchy and artist-like manner; for surely it smacks little of artistic freedom, to represent Achilles rather as a sweep than a hero.

The design for the palace is truly magnificent. It is sufficient alone to wipe out all the architectural sins of Mr. Soane, however heavy the account may be. It speaks a master-mind; and, when we think of the vile collection of frippery and deformity into which Buckingham Palace has been converted,* to the disgrace equally of the Court and of the country, we feel for the national degradation, as we lament the want of judgment of those who direct the application of the public funds to works of art, and who could prefer such paltry designs as those which have been permitted to be executed, to others much nobler and really splendid.

The Waterloo Monument we pass by, as equally unworthy of the event it professed to celebrate, and of the architect who made the design which precedes it.

Plates VII., VIII., IX., and X., present us with the designs of the Board of Trade, and accompanying buildings.* The interior of the Privy Council Chamber is one of the most exuberant, and not the least extravagant, of Mr. Soane's efforts.

Next to the New Offices at Whitehall, come the unfortunate Courts of Law. Allowing for all the difficulties with which Mr. Soane had to contend, his mistake in attaching the devoted Italian façade to Westminster Hall, remains inexcusable. Equally unpardonable is the folly of the ornaments lavished in the interior of the Courts. Mr. Soane, it seems, never dreams of that essential requisite in good architecture, the adaptation of the style of the building to the character of the purposes for which it is to serve. Hence his tribunals, in which consistency required sobriety and severity, dazzle us with the elaborate minuteness and intricacy of their ornaments, and have more the air of fairy halls than of seats of justice.

The *Scala Regia* we have seen before in 'The Buildings of London,' by Mr. Pugin. The impression before us appears taken from the plate belonging to that work. There is no other plate in Mr. Soane's 'Designs' nearly so well executed. The subject of it also is more in Mr.

Soane's way than the designs we have just noticed; it is one in which he is peculiarly happy, and in which he approves himself a better regal than legal architect.

If we cannot excuse the Roman appendages to the Norman Hall of William Rufus, neither can we laud the style of the Gothic designs for the House of Lords.

The design for a Senate House made in Rome in 1779, bespeaks, indeed, 'the gay morning of youthful fancy, amid all the wild imagination of an enthusiastic mind, animated by the contemplation of the majestic ruins of the sublime works of Imperial Rome.' It shows that our architect, like all artists who have breathed the air of the Eternal City, felt its inspiring influence, and might exclaim with Angelica Kauffman and Canova, 'To succeed, we must design in Rome.'

In presenting his designs for churches, Mr. Soane makes the old complaint, of being crippled in the matter of expense. Notwithstanding this formidable difficulty, he has succeeded in producing, in St. Peter's church, at Walworth, and Trinity Church, Marylebone, (near the Regent's Park,) two very pleasing and graceful works, saving and excepting always, out of this our commendation, the turmeric brick angles of the latter.

Of the designs for Villas, that for Mr. Swinnerton is the best. It is in sound taste, and simple—free from all those irrelevant extravagancies which disfigure the Bank, and the National Debt Office.

The additional building to Norwich Castle, is to us an additional proof that Mr. Soane cannot, or will not, enter into the true feeling and spirit of Gothic architecture.

Dulwich College is a pretty plaything, and the Bank of England is the *capo d'opera* of Mr. Soane's ingenuity, talent, invention, and of his whims and oddities; it abounds in architectural *jeux d'esprit*. The circular end towards Lothbury, redeems him, and were he an utter Borromini in the rest of his works, for the sake of this one little bit, we would forgive him all his monstrosities.

To maintain our indulgent tone throughout our article, we must be silent on Chelsea Hospital, and, in doing so, will borrow Mr. Soane's own quotation,—

'On sçaura pourquoi je me tais.'

The 'temporary residence,' the 'probationary domicile,' in Lincoln's Inn-Fields, introduces us to the very sanctum of our worthy architect. Here he has collected his rich stores of art and antiquity,—here he revels in architectural glory, dwelling, magician-like, among fairie chambers of his own creating. In its kind it is perfect,—the ichnography of the very mind of the architect—every where difficulties surmounted—ingenuity triumphant—pictures, statues, models, and the most precious relics of antiquity, all provided for,—and then such a study! a charming banqueting-room too! a glorious wine-cellar! We heartily wish our worthy professor may live long to enjoy these elegant delights, and that years may elapse, ere he retire to the *horrid DOMUS ETTERNA*, the tail-piece of his work, and the resting-place of our remarks.

A CONCERTO WHISTLER—EXTEMPORE COMPOSER—AND MUSICAL PROTEUS.

To the Editor of the Athenæum

SIR,—The fashionable world are, at this moment, living in delightful anticipation of hearing the far-famed Sontag, the Comic Queen of Song, as Pasta is the Tragic. Nicholson's enchanting flute, Voght's sweet oboe, Lindley's bewitching violoncello, and Mori's brilliant violin; these, however, are *instruments*, the handiwork of man, uttering, by his agency, delicious sounds; but, Sir, will you believe me, when I affirm that, at a party, the other night, in Grosvenor-place, assembled to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of the dutiful and pretty daughter of a much-valued friend of mine, a gentleman present WHISTLED A CONCERTO, in which he introduced the beautiful air of 'Hope told a flattering tale,' and did it exquisitely! I assure you, Sir, this is a *fact*; and I, as well as every one present, was so much astonished and gratified, that I cannot refrain from requesting your permission to make this novelty public. When the good host announced that a 'Mr. M——' would kindly whistle an air, to please the ladies, I was at a loss to think how *whistling* could be tolerated, especially after the delightful manner in which several ladies present had performed on the piano-forte; but Mr. M. immediately seated himself in a corner, and performed a 'Voluntary,' as I have described. I asked him, whose composition it was? He answered, it was *extempore*, as was his custom, merely introducing some air, for contrast and relief. His execution was brilliant; his tones alternately soft

and powerful; he ran up the chromatic scale, and from the highest note descended again to the lowest with ease, and, as he said, 'without exertion!' Really, never having heard any one *whistle* in a scientific manner, like this, I was astonished; grateful am I indeed to my friend for the opportunity afforded me of hearing an 'Amateur' on so *uncommon* an instrument. The talent of this concerto whistler did not, however, end here. No sooner was a bumper drank to the 'prosperity and happiness of Miss B——,' the daughter of our host, than Mr. M. sang four congratulatory verses which he had composed for the occasion. This, being *unexpected*, was highly relished; and when mama requested 'to be favoured with a copy,' he pulled out of his pocket a letter addressed to her; and one to Miss B——, containing copies all 'cut and dry,' as the phrase is. The devil's in this fellow, thought I, what next? He sent below for his flute; (a handsome ivory one it is); he then performed a sort of fantasia, introducing 'Auld Robin Gray,' 'Home, sweet Home!' and concluded, by imitating the *bagpipe*! Roars of laughter followed this; and all concluded that Mr. M. must be in correspondence with some supernatural agency!

During a subsequent part of the evening, the same whistling gentleman got up, and, with the greatest ease imaginable, induced us all to believe, that we had been transplanted to the Italian Opera. He imitated Velluti to the life in 'Popol d'Egitto,' and an extempore effusion, in which he gave the Signor's peculiarity of voice, manner, attitude, and expression. All were surprised at its fidelity. Then followed Curioni, in that clever singer's exact manner. Then Porto's deep tones, so contrasted with Velluti's shrill ones, that it appeared ludicrous in the extreme. Even Madame Pasta seemed not beyond his power of imitation; and he concluded with a very clever one of Braham, in 'My heart with love is beating.' This was so exact, that, even while conscious of the deception, it was difficult to doubt the reality.

St. James's.

ANACREON.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

WE have long witnessed with feelings of regret the progress of a contest between this society and certain of its members, whom we know to be distinguished as much for their talents and acquirements, as their zeal in the defence of its best and, indeed, vital interests. The reasoning by which we are to come at the truth in the controversy between the two parties, is plain and simple. A society like that of the Antiquaries, is not instituted for private purposes; it has public duties to fulfil, and an account to render of the manner in which it performs its office. Objections now are made to the management of its concerns. Accusations are brought forward of its utter neglect of the legitimate purposes of its institution, and a demand is made that its members in general, and the public, may be satisfied on the points in question. Nothing can be more reasonable than this, and it will do honour to the parties who have made it, if they repeat it, till a satisfactory answer be given to the complaints, or the reform that is sought for be effected. On Thursday, we understand, a general meeting will take place for the purpose of choosing the officers and council of the society, when we hope to find the cause of truth prevailing, and such alterations taking place as shall make this learned body more active and jealous in the discharge of its duties to the public. We refer our readers for a full explanation of the subject in debate, to an excellent article in the last number of 'The Retrospective Review.'

'LES DESTINEES FUTURES DE L'EUROPE.'

THIS work, published recently at Paris, and now republished at Brussels, has made an extraordinary sensation in the country, of which the latter is the capital; but would scarcely be presumed, beyond the Low Countries, to justify the unqualified praises it has received there. As a specimen of the correctness of knowledge of the anonymous author, we extract what accidentally met our sight on perusing a brief portion of the work: 'Les deux Royaumes les plus libres, et les plus généralement gouvernés, l'Angleterre et les Pays Bas, ont eu et ont pour Rois des Princes de la Maison d'Orange.' This is news for the Heralds' Office.

M. A. DUVAL.

'CHARLES II.; ou, Le Labyrinthe de Woodstock,' in three acts, and in prose, taken from 'The Woodstock' of Sir Walter Scott, has just been produced at the Théâtre de l'Odéon, and has met with complete success.

* In an early Number of 'The Athenæum' we promised some remarks on this edifice, as a sequel to our animadversions on the New Post Office and Council Chamber. Other pressing occupations, the disowning of the design, and the promised demolition, have hitherto prevented us. A recent walk in the regions of Pimlico has invited us to return to our original purpose, which we propose to execute in the course of a few Numbers. To this we are the more encouraged, by perceiving that our criticisms are not without their effect: we observe that the objections we made to the attic over the wings of the New Post Office have not passed unheeded.

* The exterior of these offices, as executed, formed the subject of an article in the 5th Number of 'The Athenæum,' to which we beg to refer our readers.

THE LONDON WEEKLY REVIEW.

[Continued.]

Nothing is more certain than that, in any given controversy or dispute, the party conscious of being in the wrong will be the first to depart from the real question at issue; his only hope of escape being in drawing off the attention of his judges from misstatements in fact, or errors in argument, and flying from positions which he finds untenable, to some new track, in which he may hope to entangle their judgments or elude their pursuit.

This has been so peculiarly the case in the conduct of the Editor of 'The London Weekly Review' towards ourselves, that we might from that alone infer his certain defeat. The criminatory accusations which that Editor offered in lieu of arguments, were no answer whatever to the charges that preceded them, and might, therefore, have been taken as a complete abandonment of the question in dispute; but the charges were so personal and so serious, that it was determined to rebut them; and the refutations offered in our last, from a letter in Mr. St. John's own hand-writing, were so strong, as to reduce our adversary to this inevitable dilemma; namely, either to support his recent accusations as true, by admitting that his former professions were false, and therefore branding himself as a hypocrite: or, not to deny either the existence or sincerity of his former professions, and therefore tacitly to admit, that his recent accusations could not possibly be true.

Mr. St. John chose the last of the courses described; that is, he did not deny either the existence or the sincerity of the letter of February 28, from which the quotation was made: he did not even advert to the obvious inconsistency of revering a man for four years as worthy the first place in his affections and esteem, and then recapitulating the history of that very period, in order to prove the same man a monster and a fool,—though this was the only point to which public attention would be directed; but, without even alluding to, much less answering or removing, the difficulty, he goes into fresh recriminations, as entirely new as they are utterly foreign from the subject matter in dispute. Into these, also, we shall follow him, as it is his last retreat; for, after he is beaten from these, we shall have no occasion, ever again, to revert to the subject.

The first new accusation made is, that Mr. Buckingham has been *always* engaged in quarrels, and that his friends almost always become his enemies. The proofs cited, are two instances, out of a life of some length and variety: the first, the dispute with Mr. Burckhardt and Mr. Banks, and those whom they had induced to believe in their calumnies; the second, a dispute with Mr. Arnot, who had no associate in his claims.

The second new accusation is, that Mr. Buckingham, so far from having made any pecuniary advances to Mr. St. John, beyond his just demands, actually owed him, at the period of his leaving 'The Oriental Herald,' a sum of 1050*l.* for certain shares of profits due to him on that work, stating Mr. Arnot's readiness to testify the justness of this claim on oath.

The third charge is, that of having expressed a wish to have the three letters, including all our recent Correspondence, burnt; and the fourth, that of having represented an arrangement to have been made with Messrs. Longman and Co. which was never concluded. These two being of the least importance, shall be answered first.

The desire to have the Correspondence destroyed, was with a view to prevent the very controversy which has since unhappily arisen: that desire was, however, expressed in the body of the last letter itself, and not, after it was written, from any wish to avoid disclosures: to disprove or confirm which, Mr. St. John is now publicly invited, nay, requested, to publish these three letters, with any comment he chooses to append to them, in 'The London Weekly Review.'

The arrangement said to be made with Messrs. Longman and Co. was discussed with and agreed to by one of the partners, Mr. Orme, though not reduced to writing, or concluded in a formal manner, by the firm; because the 'Oriental Herald' soon afterwards passed from their superintendence, as publishers, and that arrangement, which was dependant on this work continuing with them, was null before any orders had reached England to be executed on the terms reciprocally agreed to. These two minor points are adverted to, merely to show, that there is nothing which cannot

be satisfactorily answered. We pass now to the two heavier charges.

As to the quarrel with Mr. Banks and his supporters, all the literary world, at least, knows the merits and the issue of this: but it should be added, that the friend, who, on the trial of Mr. Banks, sat beside Mr. Buckingham during the protracted proceedings of that day, who remained with him from the opening to the close of the Court, and who was the loudest and most fervent in his expressions of joy at the triumph of innocence over such an iniquitous combination of jealousy, artifice, and crime, was Mr. St. John himself! as the Counsel and Solicitor, on whom he was a frequent attendant during the progress of the cause, can bear testimony.

Of the quarrel with Mr. Arnot, the following is a brief account: this individual did undoubtedly set up a claim to the participation of profits to which Mr. St. John adverts; and, after some discussion, it was submitted to the arbitration of Dr. Gilchrist and the Honourable Leicester Stanhope, who both decided, that there was no foundation whatever for such claim. The most remarkable part of this affair, however, is, that the main evidence upon which the arbitrators rejected this claim was, that of the very individual who now, for the first time, revives it on his own behalf,—namely, Mr. St. John himself! It was he who first endeavoured to persuade Mr. Arnot of his error, and who, failing in this, satisfied the parties referred to that the claim was wholly groundless; subsequently, moreover, expressing not merely his wonder, but his horror and disgust at the ungrateful conduct of Mr. Arnot, as he had before done at that of Messrs. Burckhardt and Banks, with whom he is now so proud to associate himself!!

Some dissatisfaction being expressed, however, by Mr. Arnot, with the decision of the first referees, and it being discovered that he had been writing out to India the grossest misrepresentations, the whole matter was again submitted, in written evidence, to two other arbitrators,—the Honourable Douglas Kinnaird and Mr. John Hunt of 'The Examiner.' The issue was still the same, as is proved by a letter written by the Honourable Douglas Kinnaird to a friend at Calcutta, enclosing copies of the documents adverted to, (the originals being still in his possession), with a view to remove, as speedily as possible, the injurious impressions created by Mr. Arnot's misrepresentations, of which letter we think it sufficient to give merely the commencement and close:

'*Full Mall East, May 1, 1827.*

'MY DEAR —,—I am ashamed to take up my pen at this twelfth hour, and then only to write to you on a matter of public concern. What an unfortunate man is Mr. Buckingham! Upon learning the calumnies of Mr. Arnot, he, immediately, by my advice, drew up a statement of his intercourse with that person, for the information of those who had advocated the cause in which he has been so long a suffering victim. This was due to them, not less than to the cause. This statement he placed forthwith in the hands of myself, and Mr. John Hunt, of 'The Examiner.' We agreed, after reading it, to place it in the hands of Mr. Arnot, and to require his reply to it. This has been delivered to us. I know not how to give you an adequate idea of its contents. The perusal of it can alone give you some idea of the mind of the man who could have written it; and who, two days afterwards, has confessed that he has no ground whatever of complaint against Mr. Buckingham, and that he has been acting all along under a delusion of mind; that he cannot account for his own conduct, and that all he desires is, that he may make any reparation in his power.

'You are at liberty to make what use of this letter you please. I have watched Mr. Buckingham *jealously*, ever since I took up the cause of the press, as it was attacked in his person and interest; and I am ready to bear witness that I know no reason why I should wish any part of his conduct had been different from what it has been. He has had a severe struggle, and I have never found him either a sordid calculator of his own interest, when it might appear to be opposed to the interest of a public cause, nor, on the other hand, wildly adventuring beyond his means. He has been sorely tried, and has, I verily believe, not been found wanting. He is entitled to this open testimony of a jealous observer of his conduct, which I profess myself to have been; and I regret only it has not been in my power to be more instrumental in assisting his efforts. Believe me, my dear —, yours very truly and faithfully,

'DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.'

We have never before publicly adverted to this matter, great as has been the injury we have sustained from this forbearance; nor should we indeed now have ventured to mention it, but for the purpose of defending ourselves from public imputations, and of showing the utter worthlessness of Mr. St. John's assertions, when

he can cling to the name of Mr. Arnot as that of a fellow-sufferer, and endeavour to excite sympathy, by naming him as one of the friendly and virtuous persons with whom Mr. Buckingham has captiously and unjustly quarrelled! What will the reader say, when we add that all these facts were known to, and all these letters and papers named were seen, and read, and commented on, by Mr. St. John himself! It was *he* who waited first on Mr. Hunt, and next on Mr. Kinnaird, to elucidate points in the written statements referred to, with which he was familiar; it was he who joined them most fervently in his expressions of indignation at such unparalleled and inexplicable conduct; even *he*, who now adds Mr. Arnot's name to those of Messrs. Banks and Burckhardt, as parties similarly injured, and similarly right in their cause of quarrel with himself!!

The last charge of all, and that certainly not the lightest, is this: that Mr. Buckingham is a man so devoured by the base passion of avarice, that the grasping of money is his chief delight; and that, so far from Mr. St. John having been, as is represented, under the smallest obligation to him for pecuniary advances, Mr. Buckingham owed Mr. St. John, at the period of his quitting his service, 1,050*l.* sterling, of which he was deceitfully defrauded.

We can only say, that, if Mr. Buckingham's whole life be not a complete answer to the general charge of his loving money beyond all other earthly things, then no answer would suffice. But for the particular charge of Mr. St. John,—that Mr. Buckingham has grossly wronged him, and is still his debtor to the extent described,—let the following note, of which we have the original, written by his own hand, on the very day when the first number of 'The London Weekly Review' appeared, on the 9th of June, 1827, speak to every candid mind:

'76, Upper Seymour Street.

'MY DEAR SIR,—I have been very busy and very unwell for some days past, or I should have called to know your opinion of our First Number. It cost a great deal of exertion to bring it out, but it seems to give satisfaction. I write this morning, however, to say, that, if you can conveniently oblige me to-day with a cheque for last month's salary, I should esteem it a particular favour, as, what with removing to this house, and getting a few things to put in it, I have been sadly embarrassed.

'Had it not been for these things, I intended to request that you would put that small amount to liquidate part of the sum I owe you. I am ashamed to bore so kind a friend as you about money matters in any way; but I ought to mention, that I think the best way for me to discharge this debt, so long due, and which you have been so kind as *never to mention*, will be, to pay a few pounds at a time as frequently as I can possibly spare them. I am afraid it would be long before I should be able to pay it all at once.

'I sincerely hope you will not consider my speaking of it on this occasion as indicative, or indicative of any diminution of confidence in your friendship and disposition to serve me to the utmost. On the contrary, you may be sure, that, as long as I retain any traces of virtue in my own mind, so long shall I have confidence in your heart and affection.

'Yours most affectionately,

'J. A. ST. JOHN.'

If this letter, coupled with the one written eight months after, in February, 1828, professing unaltered and unaltered attachment and esteem, does not prove that the calumnies, traced by the same pen, almost before the ink of the eulogies was dry, are without precedent or parallel, we shall have no faith in evidence hereafter. The epithet by which such conduct should be characterised we shall not apply—every honest heart will involuntarily utter it for us; and, if we have unwillingly been drawn into tedious length, we trust our readers will forgive it, when they remember that our reputation—dearer than a thousand lives—is at stake. If we had failed to refute, to the very bottom, the imputations now cast upon our veracity and honour, we should have been unworthy of their support for a single hour. But if, even at the expense of wearying their attention for once, we have established our claim to their future confidence and esteem, we are satisfied, and shall not need either to try their patience, or to tarnish our own victory, by recurring, even for a moment, to so ungrateful a theme.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, APRIL 11.—The Rev. T. Pope has been elected one of the Conducts of Eton, by the Rev. Dr. Godall, the Provost.

OXFORD, APRIL 11.—Walter John Tromer, B.A., and George Dennison, B.A., of Christ Church, and Charles Neate, B.A., of Lincoln Coll., were elected Fellows of Oriel College.

NOTICE.

Notwithstanding the generally favourable reception of the plan of issuing two Numbers of 'THE ATHENÆUM' in the week, as proved by the great majority of its original Subscribers continuing to receive it, since the duplication of its issues,—we have learnt that there is still a large portion of the reading community, to whom this double Publication is less agreeable than a single one would be, chiefly from want of leisure to follow up the rapid succession of so much matter; and that there is still another and not an inconsiderable portion of the continually increasing number of readers among the less wealthy classes, by whom the double Publication is not, from its expense, attainable.

Having an earnest desire to administer to the gratification of all these, as far as may be practicable, and conceiving that a return to the original plan of issuing One Number of 'THE ATHENÆUM' only, during the week, and a consequent diminution of expense to its Subscribers, will not be injurious to any class, and highly acceptable to many, we have resolved to effect this general accommodation without delay.

The same reasons which were originally assigned for issuing it in the middle of the week, WHEN NO OTHER LITERARY PAPER APPEARS, remaining in full force, it will be published, as at first, on Wednesday mornings, and at its original price.

This arrangement will take place after the close of the present week; and, by removing all obstacles to its general accessibility, will, we trust, soon place 'THE ATHENÆUM' in the hands of every literary person in the Kingdom.

Those who desire to complete their Series, by procuring the back Numbers issued since the single publication was first changed, are requested to do so without delay, as many of these Numbers are already getting scarce, and will soon be difficult to be procured.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

An English Translation of Manzoni's celebrated Romance, 'The Betrothed Lovers,' is printing at Milan. It will contain an interesting Letter from Manzoni to the Translator. In the press, the second edition of the Rev. E. Burton's Description of the Antiquities and Curiosities of Rome, made during a Visit to Italy in 1818-19, with numerous Illustrations of Ancient and Modern Writers. In 2 vols., post 8vo. The Rev. E. B. Pusey will shortly publish an Historical Inquiry into the Rationalist Character, lately predominant in the Theology of Germany. In 8vo. Preparing for publication, an Abridgement of the Rev. H. Soame's History of the Reformation of the Church of England. In 12mo. In the press, Narrative of a Journey from Constantinople to England. In 1 vol., post 8vo.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Omnipresence of the Deity, third edition, 12mo., 7s. 6d.
Gordon's Examinations on the Practice of Surgery, 12mo., 7s. 6d.
Thornton's Fruits of the Spirit, fourth edition, 18mo., 4s.
Christian Experience, or a Guide to the Perplexed, by R. Philip, 18mo., 3s.
Horne's Introduction to the Scriptures, 4 vols., 8vo., sixth edition, 3l. 3s.
The Life of Mansie Wauch, 12mo., 7s.
Dunlop on the Scotch Poor Laws, second edition, 8vo., 6s. 6d.
Cruden's Concordance, 4to., ninth edition, 21s.
Tales of a Grandfather, by Sir Walter Scott, second edition, 3 vols., 18mo., 10s. 6d.
Chronicles of the Canongate, second edition, 2 vols., 8vo., 1l. 1s.
Hyatt's Sermons, second edition, 10s. 6d.
Salathiel, a Story of the Present, Past, and Future, 3 vols., post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.
Red Rover, second edition, 3 vols., post 8vo., 28s. 6d.
Filtration, third edition, 3 vols., post 8vo., 31s. 6d.
Memoirs of the First Forty-five Years of the Life of James Larlington, (Auto-Biography, vol. 18), 18mo., 3s. 6d.
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Sir John Sinclair on the Culture and Use of Potatoes, 4s.
Christ's Appearance the Second Time for the Salvation of Believers, 3s.
Foreign Review and Continental Miscellany, No. 2, 6s.

THE SPHYNX LONDON NEWS GAZETTE

No. 26, Saturday Evening, April 12, 1828, contains, among other interesting articles,—Parliamentary Portraits, No. 20; Mr. Edward Burtenshaw Sugden, M.P. for Weymouth—Legal Reforms; Sinecure Offices, and Claims for Compensation—Progress of Mechanical Power in Great Britain—On the Law of Libel—The Westminster Review, No. 17—Comments on the Politics of the Week—Correspondence with the Editor—Leading Articles from the Daily Papers—Notes of the Week—Foreign and Domestic Intelligence—Courts of Law—Gazette—Naval and Shipping Intelligence.
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MADDOX STREET GALLERY.—NINE GRAND PAINTINGS, in Fresco, by PAUL VERONESE, are now in View at this Gallery.

Some Capital Pictures, by TITIAN and CLAUDE, with a few Fine Pictures of the DUTCH SCHOOL, will be added to the Collection at this Gallery, on the 21st instant, to supply the place of those which have been sold. Admittance, 1s.

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